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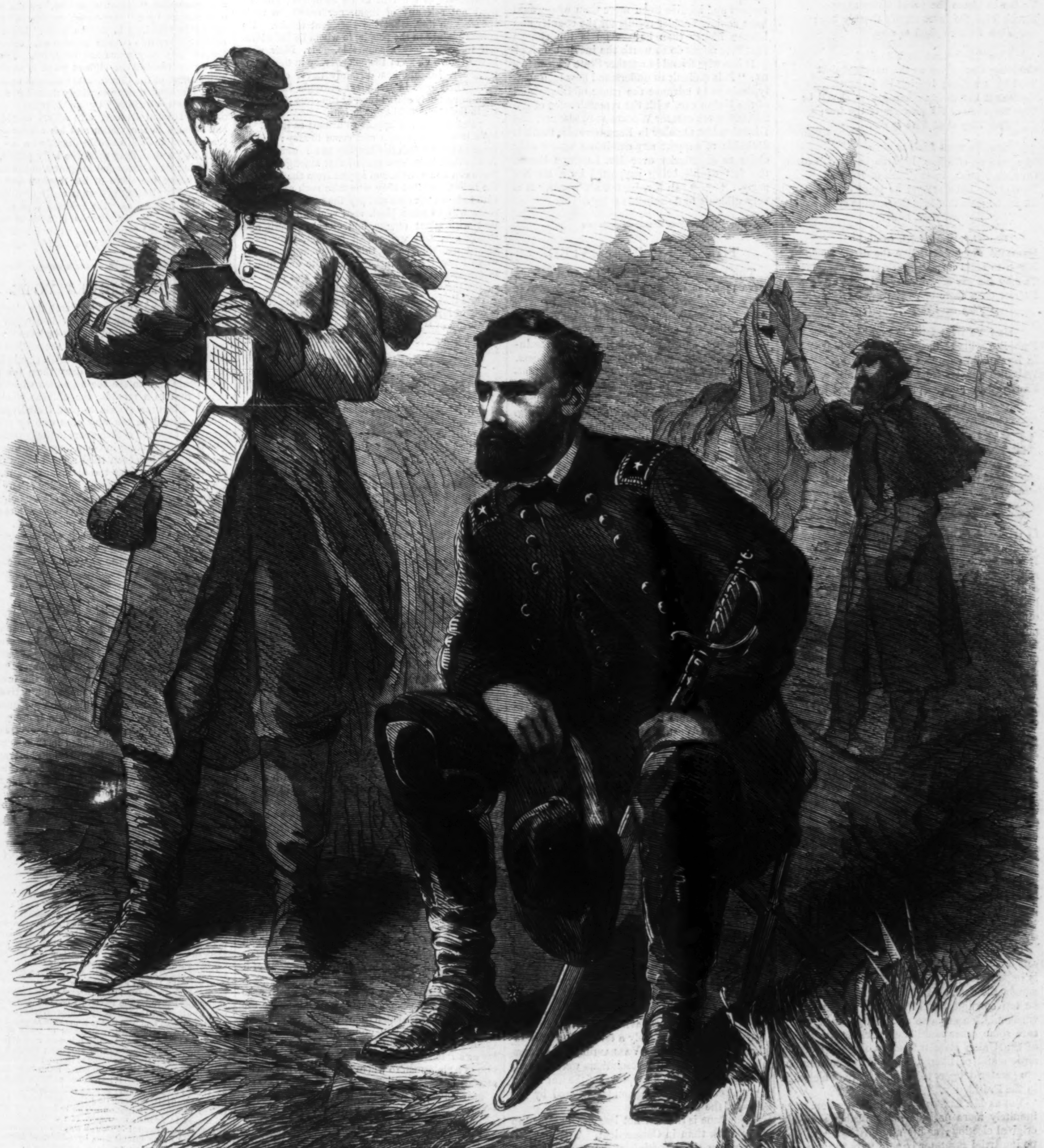


MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.—[See Page 173.]

TO THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

How They went forth to die!
Pale, earnest thousands from the dizzy mills,
And sunburnt thousands from the harvest hills;
Quick, eager thousands from the city's streets,
And storm-tried thousands from the fisher fleets;
How They went forth to die!

How Ye went forth to save!
O Merciful! with swift and tireless heed
Along the myriad ways of pain and need,
With laden hand and ever-watchful eye
Fixed on the thousands going forth to die;
How Ye went forth to save!

How They went forth to die!
Heeding yet shrinking not from the hot breath
Of the fire-angel in the front of death;
Seeing afar yet meeting without fear
The fever-angel lurking in the rear;
How They went forth to die!

How Ye went forth to save!
To close the purple wells torn open by
The fiery angel ere he drank them dry;
To fan to bloom the pallid forms anew
Struck with the fever-angel's deathly hue;
How Ye went forth to save!

How They went forth to die!
Counting themselves as the unvalued dust
Trod by a nation; bearing on its trust,
Content if but their sunken graves should be
The footprints of the progress of the free;
How They went forth to die!

How Ye went forth to save
The precious offerings, like the patriarch's given
On high Moriah, in the faith of Heaven,
To stay the knife ere yet its point be hurled
Through hearts that hold the promise of the world;
How Ye went forth to save!

How They went forth to die!
Unnamed, unnumbered like the desert sand,
Blown to build up a bulwark round some land,
To stay the sea of wrong that vainly raves
Forever on a shore of patriot graves;
How They went forth to die!

How Ye went forth to save!
Embodied wills of thousands far and near
In love's wild agony of hope and fear;
Embodied answers from the throne above,
Enwinged by gifts, of prayers enwinged by love;
How Ye went forth to save!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 12, 1864.

THE QUESTION.

The friends of Mr. Chase can not but regret the appearance of the Pomeroy circular. It is understood, indeed, that the Secretary himself denies any previous knowledge of it. That could hardly be otherwise, for it would clearly be inconsonant with the self-respect of any honorable man to continue to form part of an Administration which he condemned as injurious to "the cause of human liberty and the dignity and honor of the nation," or to be the confidential adviser of a President whom he had denounced as so corrupt as to make the "one-term principle absolutely essential to the certain safety of our republican institutions."

But while we fully exonerate the Secretary from any actual complicity in the preparation or publication of such a document, there can be no doubt that the movement to present his name for the Presidency has been fully known to him and not disapproved. Long used as we have been to respect Mr. Chase, we regret this fact profoundly; not, certainly, because any citizen may not honorably wish such a distinction, nor because we believe him to be inadequate to the office, but because his action inevitably divides and distracts the loyal men of the country, and because we can not see in what way his removal from the Treasury to the White House will counterbalance the immense disadvantage of such a change at the present juncture.

If it were true, as the Pomeroy programme sets forth, that the re-election of Mr. Lincoln is impossible; or that his re-election would endanger the country and human liberty; or that he has corruptly used his power of patronage, we should, on any one of those grounds, advocate some other candidate; because the defeat of the Union standard-bearer, the peril of the nation and of liberty, and official corruption, are greater dangers to the country than a change in the Presidency.

But as Mr. Lincoln's re-election seems to us infinitely more possible and probable than his original election; as his administration can by no impartial spectator be said to have imperiled the country, or to have injured human liberty; and as the imputation of corruption no more cleaves to him than to Washington, we must look for other reasons before sympathizing with any effort to expose the country to the consequences of all the changes that follow a change of the President. It is not that Mr. Lincoln has any other "claim" than his record that we so earnestly wish his re-election. Ability and honesty are the only claims to the Presidency which we recognize. We find both in him, while we certainly do not deny them to others. But this is not a question of "claims." If it were, on what grounds could General Frémont and other good men be overlooked? It is a question of national policy and good sense. How can the country be carried through the necessary excitement of a Presidential election in the midst of civil war with the least danger and distraction?—that is the question. Is it likely to be done by a general wrangle among Union men as to whether Mr. Chase, or General Frémont, or General Butler, or General Grant, or somebody else, are more likely to carry out the present policy of the war, and secure peace by liberty; or by the general assent of the friends of all these gentlemen that the man who is no less a lover of liberty than they, who has officially initiated and pursued that policy, and who has borne himself with marvelous sagacity in his difficult post, is the man to pursue that policy to the end? We know not what either of the gentlemen named would do; but we do know what Mr. Lincoln has done. Is it perfectly clear that any one of them—and no man can respect and admire them more than we—would have achieved nobler results for the country and human liberty than he? And is the chance that they might do so worth the inevitable risk?

It is a wise friend in another State who writes us: "It is difficult to understand how men really desirous to advance the cause of liberty and of the Union can, with the remembrance of the 200,000 votes cast for Woodward, Slavery, and Disunion last October in Pennsylvania, think it desirable to support any candidate whose only claim to superiority over Mr. Lincoln lies in the fact of his being supported by a smaller party. * * * In Mr. Lincoln's words, 'It is very difficult to do sensible things.'"

THE ISSUE PRESENTED.

The spectator of the political drama will observe that the remnant of the late Democratic party has opened its campaign both in New York and Connecticut; and if he would understand what the spirit of the movement is he must look not only at what the formal resolutions say, but at the known views of the leaders. He will then find that in Connecticut the platform is essentially that of last year, upon which stood Mr. Thomas H. Seymour, a practical disunionist, who was supported by Fernando Wood, Chauncey Burr, and their friends, and was signally defeated by the loyal men of the State after one of the most thorough and exciting campaigns ever known. This year Mr. Origen Seymour is the candidate—a gentleman whose views justify his name. For the name of Seymour stands in this country in the same relation to the great democratic doctrine of equal rights and the Union as its guarantee that the name of Bourbon holds in Europe to the rights of the people. There is no more essential difference between the Connecticut Seymour of this year and the Seymour of last year than between the platforms upon which they stand. The rebels will as earnestly desire the success of the one as they did of the other. The President of the Convention was Mr. W. W. Eaton, who is a political brother of Vallandigham. With full rebel sympathy, his speech was a furious denunciation of the Government of the United States, and of the war for its preservation, and an effort to sow distrust between the East and the West. Mr. Eaton is a notorious apostle of the "peace," which means submission to the rebellion: and the issue in Connecticut is as simple as that between loyal men and rebels. There can be no doubt that every vote for Mr. Eaton's candidate will be justly counted as a vote in favor of settling the war upon such terms as Jefferson Davis may dictate.

In New York the Convention of the same party has elected its delegates to the National Convention. Its leaders were Mr. Gideon J. Tucker and Mr. John M'Keon, who carried the Convention against the "War Democrats." Mr. Tucker is an open enemy of the war and friend of the rebels. Mr. M'Keon is the leader of the "Peace Democracy." All the speeches that denounced the Government were loudly applauded, while those that appealed to the national honor and love of the Union were heard in silence. The delegates selected, with the exception of Mr. Dean Richmond, who is understood to be in favor of saving the Union and the Government, and possibly a few others, were of the extremest wing of Vallandigham sympathizers. No patriotic resolutions were passed, nor was any word in disapproval of the war waged by traitors against the country uttered by the voice of the Convention.

The issue is thus far not less clearly joined in New York than in Connecticut. The question is between the ignominious defeat of the Government and its unconditional triumph. According to the speeches and views which were approved by these Conventions, the danger to the country is not from the rebellion, but from the loyal people who are suppressing it. Could any thing so plainly indicate political fatuity and desperation as making such an issue at such a time?

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

In a late speech in Congress Mr. Henry Winter Davis referred to "the exposition of the views of President Lincoln as given by Postmaster-General Blair," whose comments upon public affairs were attacks upon the emancipation policy, and never having been disavowed by the President were to be gravely considered.

Now we know that Mr. Lincoln knew nothing of Mr. Blair's first and important speech in New Hampshire until long after it was delivered, but did know of Mr. Whiting's letter to the Poughkeepsie meeting, which was by no means an attack upon the emancipation policy, but entirely satisfactory to its warmest friends. Mr. Blair no more speaks for the President than any other member of the Cabinet speaks for him.

As to the principle of holding the President responsible for what any Secretary may say, unless he formally denies it, does Mr. Davis seriously assert it or mean to be tried by it? Mr. Seward at the beginning of the war thought that the rebellion might be ended in a very short time. Did Mr. Lincoln, therefore, think so? Mr. Chase at the same time was not opposed to letting the seceding States go, thinking, probably, that they could not be held. Was Mr. Lincoln, therefore, of that opinion? Undoubtedly the theoretical views of the Cabinet are as different as its members; and we need not ask any of them, nor search in their speeches to find, what the President thinks. He speaks plainly to the people, to whom he feels himself to be directly accountable. Mr. Blair may have his own views of the colored race in this country. Mr. Lincoln has certainly never concealed his. Their part in the great struggle has never been more finely stated than at the close of his letter to the Springfield Convention.

"Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. And then there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder it."

Does that sound to Mr. Davis as if it were cut out of one of Mr. Blair's speeches? And is it not quite as worthy of "grave and respectful consideration" as the assumption that Mr. Blair speaks for Mr. Lincoln?

THE PEOPLE AND "POWER."

At the Albany Convention Judge Parker, the President, said that "the world will look with intense interest on the great struggle between power and the people." The orator meant that the spectacle of Copperheads trying to conciliate traitors would be interesting to mankind: for by "power" he means the Government of the United States, and by "people" his own faction. But inasmuch as in this country it is the very essence of the Democratic doctrine that the people are the Government, and as Judge Parker proposes a peaceable and constitutional expression of their will, and as they have continually confirmed in that manner their own action in the Government, how is it that the spectacle of the people who are the only "power" in the country, contending with the people, is to be presented? Judge Parker wisely refrains from explanations.

In quite another sense than he intended, however, the world is at this very moment witnessing with intense interest the struggle between power and the people: between the power of an oligarchy, heading an insurrection, and the people who are engaged in subduing the rebels and maintaining their own national existence. Judge Parker exhorts his hearers to "enjoy the proud satisfaction of having done our whole duty." The faithful people, with the exception of the rebels and their allies, respond heartily "Amen." They have done and are doing that duty. Is the worthy Judge aware that during the last year the people in every State, with some exceptions in New Jersey, stood steadfastly by the great cause of American Liberty? They have blazoned on their banner Liberty and Union, and not, with certain political doctors of the old school at Albany—"Vallandigham and Slavery."

FAIR PLAY.

Our excellent neighbor the *Tribune* asks whether it is not possible by mutual consent to adjourn the Presidential canvass? It is just about as practicable as to adjourn the coming of the spring and to postpone crocuses until May. The spring is opening. The canvass has begun. The signs of it appear in the *Tribune* every day.

Upon the same page of that paper, which asks the question of postponement, we find, under the head of Special Dispatch from Washington, an allusion to the proposition of inquiry into Secretary Chase's regulation of trade in the Mississippi Valley as a "tender of services to butcher the reputation of a statesman to whom the nation owes a debt of gratitude."

Just below we find: "It is stated here in military circles that this Florida operation was devised and ordered by the President."

Very well. It is stated by common sense that such paragraphs do not mean a postponement of the Presidential canvass; but that one of them, if the *Tribune* will pardon such language, is a "dig" at the President, and the other a "boost" for the Secretary of the Treasury.

The campaign for the nomination has begun. The *Tribune* takes naturally an active part in it. It is opposed to the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, and is doing what it can to create public opinion against it. It says that Union men will make a grave mistake if they do not apply the one-term principle to Mr. Lincoln. Nobody can quarrel with it for saying so, however opinions may differ. But let us have fair play. The *Tribune* is not an ostrich. It surely does not seriously suppose that it is taking no side any more than it can seriously believe that the President ordered an army to advance into the enemy's country without skirmishers whatever may be "stated" in military circles. But it does seriously injure itself, both in the estimation of its friends with whom it differs and those with whom it agrees, when it insinuates, and hints, and shrugs, and sneers, instead of frankly owning and maintaining its opposition to the renomination of Mr. Lincoln.

TYPE IN PI.

The slaveholders and their friends have always tried to avoid using the word Slavery. It is too direct and expressive. It is the synonym of injustice and crime, and every body knows it as such. Therefore we have been regaled with all kinds of euphuisms. The first is in the Constitution—"persons held to labor." Then we have had "the peculiar institution;" and "involuntary servitude;" and "the industrial system of the South"—and a score more. The thing meant was always inhumanity and crime, but it was extremely disagreeable to call a slave-market "human shambles," or the selling of a woman by a "high-toned gentleman" to pay his debts "dealing in human flesh;" because, as Senator Reverdy Johnson informs us, such "gentlemen" are very proud and sensitive. But they have now reached the highest point of euphuism. The address of the Confederate Congress calls what John Wesley had more concisely described as "the sum of all villainies" by an infinitely sweeter name. Human slavery, with all its untold woes and wrongs to the victim and his master—which the Honorable James Brooks described a few years since as "a dead drag upon the body politic," endangering "the peace and happiness of the master, and robbing the slave of his freedom and birthright"—this pleasing system is airily mentioned in the rebel address as "the selected type of social characteristics." Mr. Brooks is now of opinion that the selected type of social characteristics has been thrown into pi—and we heartily agree with him.

THE SOLDIERS' VOTE.

On the second Tuesday in March the electors of the State of New York are to decide whether a citizen is to be disfranchised because he loves his country enough to fight for it. Shall the soldiers vote? is the question to be answered. We should like to see the party which would deny them the right. We should like to see the argument which maintained that in a republic the citizens who cared enough about the system to peril their lives in its defense should be the very ones who by that act should be deprived of their share in the government. The process of voting in camp may have inconveniences, but it has been tried several times during the war, and whatever the disadvantages may be, the injustice and consequent impolicy of any other course are evident enough. The obvious objection to the election is that it assumes the soldiers not to have the right. But that is unavoidable. After the second Tuesday of March it will be secured to them, or New York will make a very fatal mistake, and do gross injustice to many of her most faithful children.

LITERARY.

The "Life of Lyman Beecher" is a most valuable contribution to our biographical literature. In his old age the "Father of the Beechers," seated in the quiet family-room of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was wont to narrate the incidents and reminiscences of his long and active life. These were taken down by his children; questions were asked and remarks made which brought out more reminiscences; then illustrative correspondence and documents were added in their appropriate places; and so upon this autobiographical thread has been strung a complete memoir of Beecher, with characteristic pictures of his times. The work though edited by Charles Beecher is really the joint production of several members of the family.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*February* 24. A petition was presented from citizens of Idaho asking for a division of that Territory, on the ground that one portion was inaccessible to the other.—A petition was presented from contractors for gunboats for an increase of compensation.—The Committee on the District asked to be discharged from further consideration of the question of the expediency of a law securing colored persons equal privileges with whites in the District railroad cars: agreed to.—Mr. Sherman introduced a bill amending the act for aiding the construction of a railroad and telegraph from the Missouri to the Pacific. This amendment permits the issue of 1,000,000 shares at $100 each; authorizes the Company to appropriate public lands containing coal and iron at the same rate as paid for agricultural lands: increases the limits of lands which the Company may locate to twenty miles on each side, in regions unfitted for agricultural purposes: extends to one year the time for the completion of the first hundred miles; and allows iron for the first hundred miles to be imported free of duty.—Mr. Harris introduced a bill giving to cadets at West Point the same pay as midshipmen, exempting them from draft, and ordering their dismissal if found deficient in any examination.—The Secretary of War was requested to furnish the report of the Military Commission of which General M'Dowell was President, relative to cotton and other speculations by officers of the army.—Bills authorizing the people of Colorado and Nevada to form State Governments and enter the Union, were passed. The bills provide for the exclusion of slavery, and secure perfect religious toleration.—The amendments of the Military Committee to the House resolution on the Lieutenant-Generalship came up. Mr. Grimes opposed the resolution on the ground of its inexpediency. If carried into effect it would either take General Grant from the field and make him a man of counsel at Washington, or, while making him nominally commander-in-chief, would leave him liable to be assigned to a mere local command; it would confer no distinction except an increase of rank and

pay; he would still be under the control of the President and of General Halleck. General Grant was a man of action, but there was no assurance that as General-in-Chief he would be better than the one we have; and, indeed, are we sure that bad military counsel has not come from another source than General Halleck? He was no admirer of General Halleck, but wished that justice should be done to him. If there was no other objection to the resolution, a vital one would be that it would have the ultimate effect of making a whole batch of Lieutenant-Generals, for every Major-General would be ambitious of attaining the highest honors possible. Mr. Sherman supported the resolution as amended. It would not place General Grant at the head o. the army. It was altogether complimentary. Grant had captured 80,000 or 90,000 prisoners, taken more guns, and won more battles than any other General on record. He would be willing to extend similar honor to any other General who should do equally well. General Halleck's position was that of Adjutant-General to the President, who is Commander-in-Chief; in his peculiar line he was, doubtless, a superior officer; yet it should be inquired why, with an army superior to that of the enemy lying within fifty miles of Washington, Richmond was not taken by Halleck or Meade. The Army of the Potomac is just where it was two years ago. It has not won the honors of the war, Grant and his army had, and these should be extended to him and them. Mr. Johnson would not vote for the resolution if it retained the clause designating the person to be appointed. He proceeded to defend General Halleck; if there had been disaster, history would attribute it to others than him. No one could have more wisely conducted the siege of Corinth. While in his present position he has not always been consulted, and when consulted his opinions had not always been taken. The Army of the Potomac had always been successful when not opposed to superior numbers. If Halleck's advice had been taken after Antietam, the rebel army would have been captured by M'Clellan; the refusal to adopt his advice was unjustifiable. Gettysburg, Mr. Johnson thought, was one of the finest battles on record. At a critical juncture afterward, when it was important that the enemy should be pursued, General Meade took the opinion of his corps commanders, who advised against the movement. He thought that Meade should have taken the responsibility: still, if the movement had failed, Government would have been at the mercy of the enemy. Mr. Conness said that the Army of the Potomac, the greatest in the war, had failed under different commanders; should we not seek for a man with sufficient military capacity to direct it? He hoped that the Senate would not confer a mere empty honor upon General Grant, without giving him any actual power. Mr. Hale said he would vote for the resolution as it came from the House, because if an act was to be done it should be done gracefully. It would almost seem that those who opposed the resolution were secret enemies of the President, and intended to put up General Grant as a candidate against him. He wanted Grant to go where his merits entitled him to go. It is true that there is no precedent for the resolution; but we live in times when we must make precedents. He would rejoice to see, after the establishment of this precedent, general after general coming with the record of his victories and seeking this honor. Mr. Wilson hoped that the Senate would not dictate to the Chief Magistrate who should be appointed Lieutenant-General. He took no part now in any movements looking to the making of the next President; there would be time for that months hence. He hoped that the resolution, as amended by the Military Committee, authorizing the grade, without designating the person, would pass. The judgment of the country pointed to General Grant as the person, and he knew that the President was in favor of his appointment. If any man, more than another, had stood up for Grant, it was the President; he had sustained him when the Press and general officers were every where denouncing him. Mr. Howe was in favor of putting the resources of the country into the hands of General Grant; he had been successful in a few things, and many things should be bestowed upon him. There was no dictation in asking the President to do what all agreed should be done. Mr. Fessenden would not detract from the honors so justly due to General Grant, but thought it improper for the Senate to indicate the person upon whom the grade should be conferred, as that body must hereafter sit as judges upon the confirmation. It was no mere empty honor that the resolution, as amended, sought to confer upon Grant; a few years ago he was striving to rise above the rank of Lieutenant; now we propose to make him Lieutenant-General, with a salary of $13,000. Mr. Wilkinson thought that the general tendency of the speeches indicated the appointment of Halleck instead of Grant, and, as he thought Grant the better General, he should vote against the amendment striking out a recommendation of his appointment. After a debate, of which an outline is given above, the amendment striking out the recommendation for the appointment of General Grant was passed, by 27 to 12. Mr. Conness then offered an amendment providing that the Lieutenant-General shall be Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States under the direction and during the pleasure of the President; this was rejected by 28 to 10. The joint resolution, as amended, was then passed by 31 to 6; the nays being Messrs. Buckalew, Davis, Harding, Powell, Saulsbury, and Wright, all belonging to the extreme Opposition.——*February* 25. Sundry petitions for the abolition of slavery, and a resolution from the Legislature of Rhode Island asking that colored soldiers be placed on an equality with whites, were presented and referred. Mr. M'Dougall introduced a bill amending the act incorporating the Pacific Railway, so as to ratify the transference of the corporate rights of the Company to certain other Companies.—Mr. Powell introduced a bill to repeal all acts granting allowances and bounties to vessels engaged in cod and other bank fisheries.—Mr. Lane, of Kansas, presented joint resolutions from the Legislature of Kansas, asking for the removal of Indians from that State.—The vote adopting the report of the Conference Committee on the Whisky bill was reconsidered, the House having refused to accede to the report, and asked for a new Committee of Conference: the request for a committee was agreed to.—Several bills relating to naval appointments were brought up and amendments to them adopted: the principal of these provide that the limit of the age of students in the Naval Academy shall be changed from 17 years to 18; that a provision shall be stricken out directing that volunteer naval officers now in service shall be discharged within sixty days after the return of the vessel; and one inserted granting to naval courts-martial the right to reduce to seaman's rates such officers as absent themselves from their commands.—Mr. Sumner moved to reconsider the vote by which the Committee on the District were discharged from considering the question of the rights of colored persons on the cars; but after explanations he withdrew the motion.—Mr. Sumner offered an amendment to the bill equalizing the pay of soldiers, to the effect that all persons (colored persons being necessarily included) whose papers show that they were enlisted under the act of 1861, shall receive the pay and bounties promised by that statute: adopted by 20 to 16. A further amendment was offered by Mr. Wilson, and, after some discussion, postponed.—A Committee of Conference on the Lieutenant-General resolution was ordered.—The Committee on Military affairs was instructed to inquire into the expediency of extending the time for paying bounties to April.——*February* 26. Mr. Sumner introduced a bill, which was referred, excluding disloyal persons from the right of pre-emption to public lands, and from the right of reclaiming mining lands or recovering damages for injury to such property.—Mr. Hale reported a bill equalizing the grades of naval officers, and remedying some faults in the action of the Retiring Board.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill fixing the period of enlistment in the regular army at three instead of five years: providing that soldiers who enlisted before July 22, 1861, may re-enlist, with the existing bounties, until May 1; and making various minor provisions respecting absences.—The Committee on Military Affairs was instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the Articles of War as to prohibit all military commanders, except the President, from relieving from duty any general officer, except when under arrest, wounded, sick, or captured.—The President was requested to transmit to the Senate any protests from Governors of States against the removal of General Schofield from the command in Missouri.—Mr. Collamer called up his bill for enabling colored persons to be employed in carrying the mails, and providing for the admission of colored persons as witnesses in the United States Courts. The latter provision was opposed by Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, and Powell, on the ground that it would cause a conflict between the Courts of some of the States and those of the United States; and by Mr. Hendricks, because it would place the negro upon a judicial equality with the white man, by enabling him to impeach the testimony of the white. Mr. Johnson thought negroes as competent to testify as other persons of no higher mental and moral qualifications; but there would be evils in allowing slaves to testify, he would have the right restricted to free persons of color.—The report of the Committee of Conference upon the Lieutenant-Generalship, accepting the Senate amendments, was agreed to.—Adjourned to February 29.——*February* 29. Several memorials and petitions having been presented and referred, and a bill making Parkersburg, in Virginia, a port of entry, passed, Mr. Sumner, from the Select Committee on Slavery, Freedmen, and the Fugitive Slave Law, presented an elaborate report accompanied by a bill repealing all laws for the rendition of slaves to their so-called masters: laid over.—Mr. Wilson, from the Military Committee, reported the bill passed by the House, extending the time for paying bounties to April 1; he said that men were now being enlisted at the rate of 2000 a day, which was more rapidly than Government could provide for them; there were now more than 300,000 men enlisted under the call for 500,000; the draft, if made at all, would be very small: debate ensued, the special point being that such a measure ought not to be taken without the concurrence of the Executive and of the War Department; and the bill was recommitted to the War Committee.—The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was taken up and discussed, the retrospective feature being especially objected to by Mr. Fessenden. Mr. Wilson explained that when the bill was drawn he thought that there were only 30,000 or 40,000 troops to whom this retrospective provision would apply; he now thought that the number was quite 100,000, and eighty new regiments were in process of formation. He thought the bill could be improved by a recommittal to the Committee: the bill was then recommitted.—The joint Conference Committee on the Whisky tax, through Mr. Sherman, reported a disagreement; the question was made the special order for next day.—The Senate went into executive session and confirmed several nominations made by the President, among which were those of Grant as Major-General, and Meade, M'Pherson, Sherman, and Thomas as Brigadier-Generals in the regular service; and Pleasanton and Warren as Major-Generals of Volunteers.——*March* 1. Petitions relative to slavery were presented and referred.—A bill to protect overland emigration, and a joint resolution of thanks to re-enlisted volunteers were passed.—The $200,000,000 five-forty loan bill was taken up and discussed at length; the main point being as to rate of interest. An amendment being offered and rejected to make the maximum 5 instead of 6 per cent.; Mr. Fessenden said that the Secretary would get the money as low as he could, but he did not think it could be had for less than 6 per cent.; an amendment was adopted requiring the principal of the bonds to be paid in coin.—The Conference Committee on the Whisky tax reported a disagreement, and the Senate voted to adhere to its amendment, and to submit the measure again to the House.

HOUSE.—*February* 24. After some private business, and a further discussion on the bill for establishing a bureau for Freedman's Affairs, of the same general tenor as those previously reported, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Naval Appropriation bill. The amendment directing that seamen should be paid in specie or its equivalent was rejected by 63 to 35. Mr. Rice moved to increase the appropriation for construction and repairs of vessels from $22,800,000 to $26,300,000. He explained the necessity of this increase, and said that provision would be made in another bill for iron-clad sea-going vessels, so that our navy might be somewhat on a par with those of France and England. Mr. Stevens said that the estimates of the Naval Department called for $144,000,000; the Committee on Ways and Means had reduced this estimate by $37,000,000, believing that this reduction would not cripple the Department, as some of the objects of the appropriation could be postponed to a future time. Mr. Rice said that the appropriation was necessary now; the Naval Department could not fulfill its duties unless Congress furnished the means. The amendment was agreed to by 72 to 23.——*February* 25. A bill was introduced and referred granting pensions to the soldiers of the War of 1812.—Debate was resumed on the Freedman's Bureau bill. Mr. Davis, of Maryland, spoke at length, censuring the President for want of vigor in dealing with the emancipation question. Slavery, he said, was far from dead; it would resume its ancient sway if the old Government was re-established; it should therefore be a condition in the readmission of States that slavery should be abolished. He also opposed the plan of colonizing the freed negroes; unless they were coerced they would not leave the country; if they remained here, their position would be that for which they showed themselves fitted; the labor of these people was necessary to the agricultural interests of the country, and could not well be dispensed with.—Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill providing that of the $600,000,000 loan authorized by the Act of March 3, 1863, in ten-forties, $200,000,000 may be put into market, redeemable after not less than five or more than forty years: ordered to be printed.—The Deficiency Appropriation bill, as amended by the Senate, was reported back from the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. Brooks said that the bill, as it passed the House, appropriated $7,000,000; the Senate had added $93,000,000, making $100,000,000 in all, constituting really a new bill.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Navy Appropriation bill. Mr. Kelley defended the Navy Department, saying that, both in its hostile operations and in maintenance of the blockade, it had accomplished more than was ever undertaken by any other nation. Mr. Holman said that the people were ashamed of the conduct of the head of the Navy Department, and of his retention by the President. Mr. Davis censured the Navy Department for its proceedings before Charleston, and especially for the recall of Admiral Du Pont. He was removed because his attack had not succeeded; but if he had remained in action forty-five minutes longer he would have left his fleet in the hands of the enemy. The Department had removed, he said, the most brilliant officer since the days of Decatur, because it was thought that the iron-clad interest would suffer by his retention. Mr. Griswold defended the iron-clads. No more men were engaged on them during the attack upon Charleston than were required for a single man-of-war; the vessels had received more than two thousand shot without serious injury, and with the loss of but a single life, showing that our vessels were impregnable to any missile yet invented. The American navy stood in advance of any other in the world, and had been the most powerful diplomatist in preventing foreign interference with our affairs. Mr. Brooks said that we had six hundred vessels afloat, constituting the largest navy in the world, but yet our commerce has suffered losses from rebel privateers to the amount of thirteen and a half millions; these facts were unanswerable against the Navy Department. Mr. Blair defended the efficiency of the navy, and of the iron-clads in particular, in preventing the enemy from coming upon the Atlantic coast; the country, he said, had reason to be proud of the operations of the Navy Department. The debate now assumed a bitter personal turn, at the close of which Mr. Stevens moved a new section appropriating $260,000 for a floating dry-dock at Philadelphia for the repair of Monitors, to be taken from an appropriation before made for the same purpose at New York: this was agreed to, and the bill passed.—The bill extending the time for the withdrawal of goods from public stores and bonded warehouses to the 1st of September was passed.——*February* 26. The Committee on Military Affairs was instructed to inquire into the expediency of increasing the number of cadets at West Point, and of repealing the provisions of the Enrollment Act which gives pay to officers absent without leave.—A bill was introduced, similar to one before the Senate, excluding disloyal persons from the benefits of the public lands.—A joint resolution was passed extending to the 1st of April the time for the payment of bounties to persons enlisting in the army.—A resolution of thanks to Admiral Porter and Commander Ringgold, with their officers and men, was passed.—Mr. Blair, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported the following bill: "*Any portion of the residents of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, or Arkansas, who may volunteer in the military service of the United States for the term of three years or during the war, shall be entitled to the benefits and privileges of the existing laws, and mustered into the regiments of any of the States which they may elect; and, in the case of such being colored troops, they shall be assigned as now directed by law; and any State, or sub-division of a State, procuring such enlistments, shall receive credit, provided that such enlistments in any State, under this act, shall continue only until such State shall be subject to a call for troops.*" This was opposed by Messrs. Cox and Wadsworth on the ground that it gave an advantage to States having money, by enabling them to enlist men from other States instead of calling out their own men. Messrs. Blair and Garfield replied, affirming that thousands of loyal men in the South were ready to enlist if provision could be made for their families. The bill, having been amended, on motion of Mr. Cox, by providing that no enlistment shall be made, except as specially enumerated in the bill, unless credit is given to the State to which the soldier belongs, was passed by 81 to 44.—Mr. Washburne, from the joint Committee of Conference, reported on the Lieutenant-General Bill. He explained that the report was unanimously adopted by the Committee. The House Joint Committee had agreed to the Senate's amendment striking out the recommendation of General Grant, knowing that, should the bill pass, he would receive the appointment without delay. Mr. Cox moved to lay the resolution on the table. This was refused, and the bill passed by 73 to 47. As passed, it merely authorizes the President to appoint from the Major-Generals a Lieutenant-General, who shall be authorized, under the direction and during the pleasure of the President, to command the armies of the United States, fixing his pay and allowances, and providing that it shall not affect the pay and rank of General Scott.—It was agreed that the next day should be appropriated to speeches, no bills to be introduced.——*February* 27. The Chairman announced, hardly two-score members being present, that the President's Message was the theme for discussion. Mr. Harding made a speech condemning the course of the Administration. He said that fanaticism and sectional hate had plunged the nation into bloody horrors, the joint work of abolition and secession. Mr. Deming, of Connecticut, followed in a speech defending the President and his policy, affirming that upon the wiping out of slavery on this continent would succeed a higher order of civilization, and an indissoluble bond of perfect union and peace. Mr. Blair spoke at length upon general topics, defending the Navy Department, assailing the Treasury Department, and concluding with giving notice of a resolution to inquire into the affairs of that Department in connection with trade regulations on the Mississippi. Mr. Eden passed in condemnatory review over the acts of the Administration, affirming that the war ought long ago to have been ended on the basis of the Crittenden resolutions. Mr. Donnelly made a speech on the importance of immigration, and advocated the establishment of a Bureau of Immigration.—Adjourned to February 29.——*February* 29. Mr. Julian introduced a bill, which was referred, securing to persons in the naval and military service homesteads on confiscated and forfeited estates in the insurrectionary districts.—Mr. Ross offered a resolution stating that, in consequence of the depreciation of the currency and the increased cost of living, the pay of officers and soldiers should be increased one-third, and that the Military Committee report a bill to this effect. Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, introduced a bill permitting the payment of one-tenth of duties in legal tender notes instead of specie; and another bill suspending till 1867 the provision of the Act of August, 1861, authorizing a direct tax of $20,000,000: referred to Committee on Ways and Means.—A resolution was, by leave, introduced, directing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire into the operation and execution of the laws and military orders regulating commercial intercourse with the insurrectionary States.—The bill reported from the Committee on Ways and Means authorizing the issue of $200,000,000 in Treasury bonds, payable in from five to forty years, was passed, after being slightly amended.—Mr. Blair offered a resolution, which was adopted, asking the Secretary of the Navy for full information upon every subject pertaining to the attack upon Charleston in April, 1863, including all reports upon the sufficiency of our iron-clads. Mr. Blair said that the Navy Department desired a full investigation into the whole matter, and that his resolution covered every point.—Mr. Holman offered a resolution, which was adopted, for inquiry into the expediency of a committee to whom shall be referred all matters pertaining to National Banks.—Mr. Lang offered a resolution, which was rejected, 96 to 22, requesting the President to appoint Franklin Pierce, Millard Fillmore, and Thomas Ewing as Commissioners to treat with the Confederate authorities for a cessation of hostilities and a reconstruction of the Union.—Mr. Schenck offered a series of resolutions: the first, declaring that armed insurgents and their abettors were public enemies, was agreed to; the second, declaring that the causes of the rebellion should be permanently removed, was passed unanimously, Mr. Cox explaining that he and his friends voted for it, considering that the causes of the rebellion were abolition and secession, and both ought to be removed; the third, declaring that there was no neutral ground between loyalty and treason, was also unanimously adopted.—Mr. Pendleton offered a resolution, which was rejected by 76 to 43, condemning the arrest and banishment of Mr. Vallandigham.——*March* 1. A letter was read from the Secretary of the Treasury stating that many vessels engaged in the cod-fishery obtained their salt from the British provinces, and, while avoiding the duties on salt, obtained bounties on the fish with which that salt was incorporated; he asked for the passage of a law that no bounties should be paid except where it was shown that the salt had paid duty.—The Committee on Ways and Means was instructed to inquire into the expediency of levying a duty of 10 cents per bushel upon salt imported.—The Freedman's Bureau bill was again discussed, and finally passed by 69 to 67.—The report of the joint Committee of Conference upon the Internal Revenue bill, announcing a disagreement, was presented. Mr. Washburne said that there was some difference of opinion in the Committee as to the purport of the action of the House, some supposing that it had decided against levying any tax upon spirits on hand, and others that it had only decided against a tax of 40 cents per gallon. He thought the Senate would agree to split the difference, and impose 20 cents; and in order to test the feeling of the House, moved that the House insist on its disagreement, and ask another Committee of Conference, and declare also that, in its judgment, there should be an additional tax upon spirits on hand of not less than 20 or more than 40 cents. The resolution was adopted by 76 to 67.—The 31st of May was fixed upon as the day for the adjournment of the House.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Our armies are moving in every part of the field—in Virginia, in East Tennessee, in Georgia and Alabama, and in Florida. The map which we publish this week includes the entire field, with the exception of Virginia. Some steps of the advance have been taken back, and in Florida our forces have met with a severe repulse; yet the spring campaign has fairly opened, and with reasonable prospects of success. The enemy has at the present time an inadequate force to oppose against our general advance at every point, and he can only save himself from a great defeat in some part of his line by a strategy more successful than any he has yet shown.

On Tuesday, March 1, His Excellency the President sent in to the Senate his nomination of General Grant as Lieutenant-General of the United States Army.

The United States steam sloop *Housatonic* was sunk in Charleston harbor on the 18th ult. by the explosion of a torpedo. Two officers and three men were lost. This vessel originally cost the Government over a hundred thousand dollars.

According to the latest dispatches Admiral Farragut had six mortar boats accompanying the *Hartford*, but had not yet made an attack on Mobile. The rebels had 20,000 troops in and around Mobile, and two iron-clads in the harbor.

THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE, FLORIDA.

On the 17th of February General Seymour issued an order congratulating his command on the brilliant success which had thus far attended their movements into the interior of Florida, and attributing this success in great measure to Colonel Henry, Major Stevens, and Captain Elder, who with their commands had routed the enemy and destroyed a large amount of property. Our forces were then mainly at Barber's, between Baldwin and Lake City, with the advance resting on Sanderson. Here they remained until the 20th, when the preparations for a movement in force toward Lake City were completed. The enemy's pickets were met six miles beyond Sanderson by our cavalry, who were deployed as skirmishers two miles in advance of the infantry. The pickets were driven in, and when the main force came up the Seventh Connecticut (Colonel Hawley) was thrown forward with the cavalry. The enemy was found in force a little before reaching Lake City at Olustee. The engagement was commenced between the enemy's skirmishers and our advance. The fire directed against our men was so hot that they were compelled to fall back; then we brought two batteries to bear on the enemy, and our whole force, consisting of 5000, became engaged with more than twice that number of rebels. The enemy occupied a strong position flanked by a marsh, but his advance met with the most stubborn resistance, and he lost heavily. But our loss also was very great. Colonel Fribley of the Eighth United States (colored) was killed, and his regiment broke and fell back, leaving the left exposed. Again we retreated, taking another position; but it was impossible to contend with a force so greatly superior, and after a battle of three hours and a half we retreated in good order, leaving our dead and severely wounded on the field. Five guns were lost, and over a thousand men killed, wounded, and missing. This reverse compels an immediate return of our forces to Jacksonville.

MOVEMENTS OF GRANT'S ARMY.

On Monday, February 22, a strong force under the command of Generals Palmer, Johnston, Baird, Carlin, and Davis started from Chattanooga in the direction of Dalton. They crossed the Chicamauga without opposition, and the next day our cavalry in advance drove the enemy as far as Tunnel Hill. Colonel Harrison drove the enemy from the latter position. Another column under General Stanley penetrated to within three miles of Dalton on Wednesday. The enemy at Dalton, however, was found so strongly posted that our forces having accomplished the purpose merely of a reconnoissance fell back.

In the mean while, Longstreet having commenced a retrograde movement, General Schofield advanced from Knoxville across the Holston following up his retreat. Longstreet is now needed in two places at once, and, as we go to press, it is difficult to say whether he is moving to Virginia in order to support Lee or to Atlanta to support Johnston.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S EXPEDITION.

From Meridan General Sherman advanced eastward to Selma, a short distance west of Montgomery and midway between Mobile and Dalton. His position at Selma is now apparently one of some peril. General Smith's Cavalry expedition returned to Memphis on the 26th, not having effected a junction with Sherman, on account of delays incident to the expedition and which gave the enemy's cavalry an opportunity to concentrate a force against Smith which it was impossible for him to resist successfully. The expedition was not entirely a failure, having destroyed over a million bushels of corn, and torn up miles of the Memphis and Ohio Railroad, besides burning bridges and trestle-work. General Smith's retreat, however, leaves the enemy's cavalry unoccupied, and free for movements against Sherman.

THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK.

On the 1st of March Provost-Marshal-General Fry issued an official order to Major Townsend at Albany to be prepared to commence the draft on the 10th of March in every sub-district which had not its quota raised before March 1. Volunteers between the 1st and 10th of March were to be deducted after the commencement of the draft. The city of New York has filled its quota to within three thousand men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

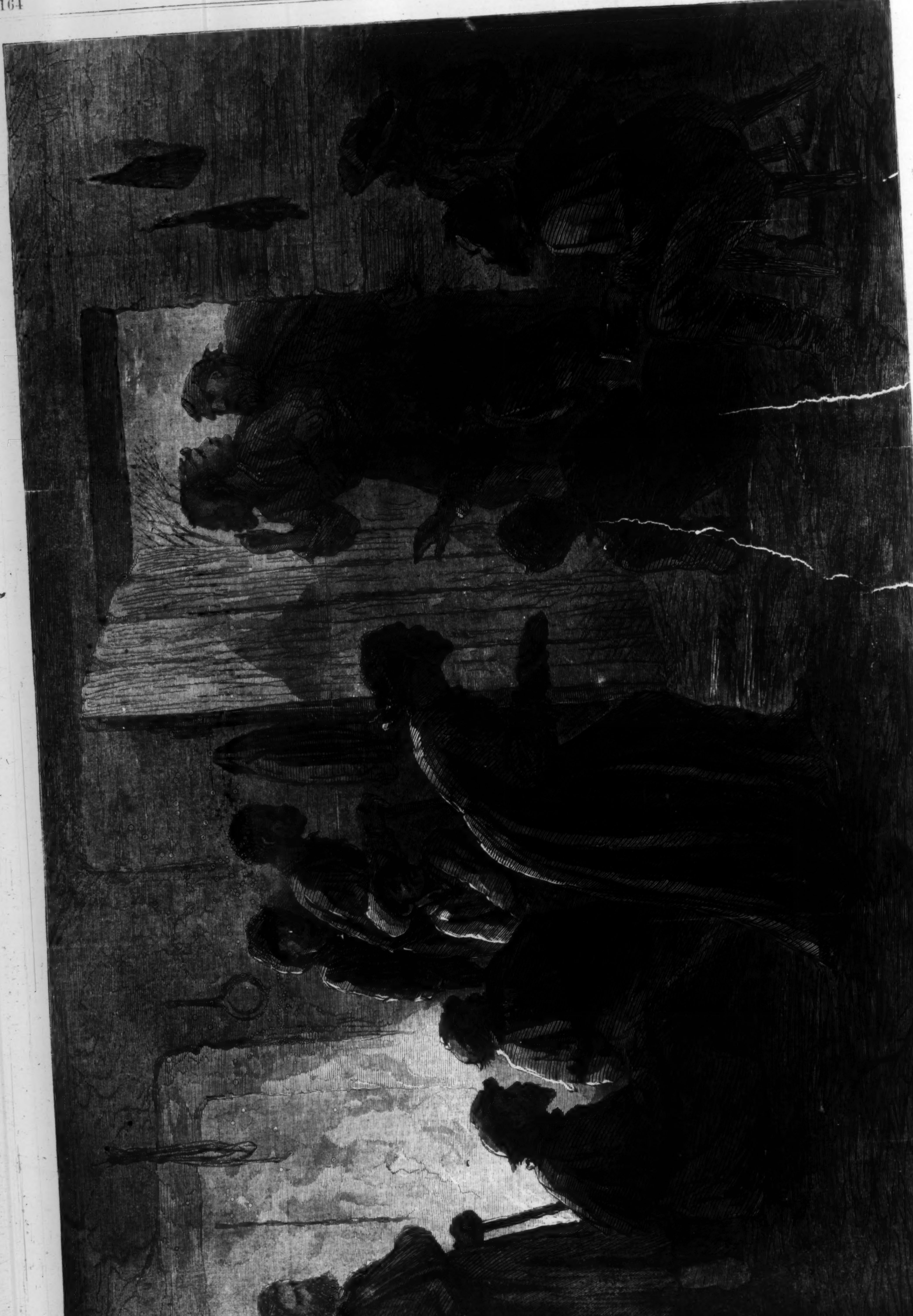
WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

THE Danes retreated from the Dannewerke because it was impossible for them to hold this long line of fortifications with their small force after the eastern rampart had been turned by the Prussians. The retrograde movement had been going on for some time before it was discovered by the Germans, who expected, indeed, to find the Danes in force at Schleswig. The Danish army has succeeded in establishing itself at Duppel, which is connected with the Island of Alsen by a *tete du pont*, the latter being commanded by formidable batteries on either side. This retreat of the Danes was conducted so secretly that they were not overtaken by German forces until they had passed Idstad, when the rear-guard fought with so much vigor as to preserve the main army. 120 pieces of artillery were left in the Dannewerke, and in the retreat three guns were lost and 600 prisoners. Field-Marshal Wrangel's head-quarters on February 9th were at Flensburg. The new phase which the war now assumes is no less threatening, certainly, than its original aspect. The Danes, strongly fortified on Alsen, may prolong the war for weeks, and perhaps months, to come.

EUROPE AND AMERICA.

The general impression of Europe in regard to the American war is decidedly in favor of the North. The Paris *Presse* says that "Grant is the American Massena, the beloved child of victory, who has never met with a reverse, but who is as vigilant and indefatigable as if he had one to fear. Alone he is able to resist the three armies of the Confederation." Earl Russell's position, as indicated by his speech in Parliament, on February 11th, is one strongly in our favor. He declined to produce the diplomatic correspondence in reference to the steam rams. His reasons for so doing were that he did not wish to anticipate the decision of the law-officers of the crown. Lord Palmerston, also, in a speech concerning American captures at sea, on the 12th, said that the English had no reasons to mistrust the equity and independence of the tribunals of the United States. In justification of this opinion, he referred to the case of the *Trent*. These speeches were made by the British Ministers in defense against an attack made upon them by Disraeli and Earl Derby. The main point of this attack consisted in the charge that the Ministry had been bullied into concession in the matter of Laird's rams by Secretary Seward's plucky note of July 11. This note, however, Mr. Adams declined to present to Earl Russell, although Secretary Seward indiscreetly allowed it to be published in this country. Not having received the paper, however, from Mr. Adams, Earl Russell had no official knowledge of its existence. The tenor of Seward's note may be inferred from the following extract, which is as determined a vindication of our national rights as Great Britain herself ever boasted: "If the law of Great Britain must be left without amendment, and be construed by the Government in conformity with the rulings of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, then there will be left for the United States *no alternative but to protect themselves and their commerce against armed cruisers proceeding from British ports as against the naval forces of a public enemy;* and also *to claim and insist upon indemnities for the injuries which such expeditions have hitherto committed or shall hereafter commit* against this Government and the citizens of the United States. *To this end this Government is now preparing a naval force with the utmost vigor;* and if the national navy, which it is rapidly creating, shall not be sufficient for the emergency, then the United States must bring into employment such *private armed naval forces* as the mercantile marine shall afford."

In a speech made on the 15th Earl Russell, alluding to the case of the *Alabama*, said: "I do consider that, having passed a law to prevent the enlistment of her Majesty's subjects in the service of a foreign Power, to prevent the fitting out or equipping, within her Majesty's dominions, of vessels for warlike purposes without her Majesty's sanction—I say that, having passed such a law in the year 1819, it is a scandal and a reproach that one of the belligerents in this American contest has been enabled, at the order of the Confederate Government, to fit out a vessel at Liverpool in such a way that she was capable of being made a vessel of war; that, after going to another port in her Majesty's dominions to ship a portion of her crew, she proceeded to a port in neutral territory, and there completed her crew and equipment as a vessel of war, so that she has since been able to capture and destroy innocent merchant-vessels belonging to the other belligerent.—[Hear.] Having been thus equipped by an evasion of the law, I say it is a scandal to our law that we should not be able to prevent such belligerent operations."



ESCAPING UNION OFFICERS SUCCORED BY SLAVES.—[See Page 173.]

MAJOR-GENERAL PALMER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. B. BISHOP.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. S. SMITH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORSE & PEASELEE, NASHVILLE.]

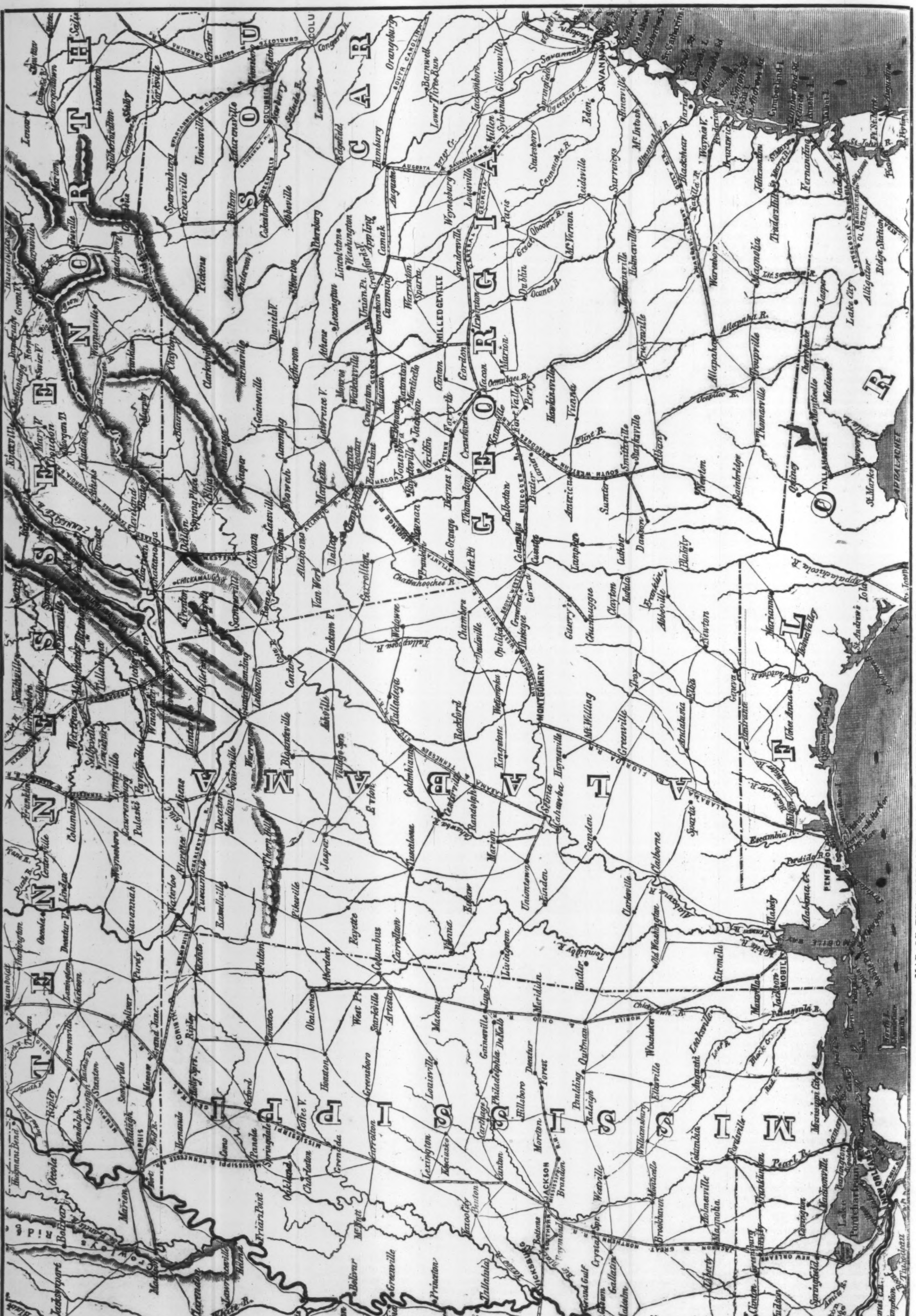
GENERALS PALMER AND SMITH.

ON this page we give portraits of Generals PALMER and SMITH, the former connected with the late movement against Dalton, and the latter with General Sherman's expedition. The movement against Dalton was probably no more than a reconnoissance; but there was some very severe fighting, as the enemy were strongly posted, and our forces were compelled to give up the attack, which would otherwise have been successful. An account of this movement is given in its proper place, as also of General Smith's cavalry expedition, which started from Memphis to co-operate with Sherman, but which encountered the concentrated force of the enemy's cavalry, under Forrest, Lee, and Rhoddy.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE HOLSTON.

WE give below a view on the Holston River, which runs through Knoxville, Tennessee, showing the pontoon bridge and the bridge built by the United States Government, as seen February 5, 1864. On the right is a stone quarry, the rocks being used for filling the inside of the piers, which are built of timbers. The bridge is now completed. On the left are seen slaughter-houses and the remains of the gas-works destroyed by fire, the chimney still standing. Camps of the troops are seen in different places. The Holston River is the stream which has separated Longstreet from the Federal army at Knoxville, and from the banks of which the rebel General has lately retreated.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE HOLSTON, AT KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. PERRING.]



MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN IN EAST TENNESSEE, MISSISSIPPI, GEORGIA ALABAMA, AND FLORIDA.

THE HOSTESS OF THE BIG CABIN.

A FEW weeks ago my reportorial duties calling me in the vicinity of Knoxville, Tennessee, the tedium of my ride over the rough mountain roads was much alleviated for a dozen miles or so by the genial companionship of my friend, Captain Leighton, the scout. As we rode along I begged him to give me an account of an adventure which had created some interest in the army a few months before, and in which he himself had figured somewhat conspicuously. He complied, and his relation was very much as follows:

There were few pretty girls in the part of Tennessee we traversed during the last campaign southwestward, so that, so soon as we reached the Georgian frontier, and got wind of the old widow V—— and her three grand-daughters, Amelia, Cordelia, and Ophelia Granby, living in the Big Cabin, at the first fork of the lower Atlanta road, there was little else thought of by our "shoulder-straps," except, perhaps, Bragg and his crew, and they were making tracks for a more genial climate at so lively a rate that pretty soon the fair damsels of the liquid names began to trouble brass-buttoned bosoms to an alarming degree. I had first discovered the jewels in one of my lonely expeditions southward, and through me nearly all my chums had been introduced at an early stage of the halt, and half a dozen of us had been specially invited to the house upon several occasions, myself included, to the envy of the whole staff. Bouquets were not to be had, but all the sutlers of the division were besieged for their best notions, and silk handkerchiefs, snuff, hair-grease, lemon sirup, fine combs, baking powder, tooth-brushes, etc., etc., began to fly in the shape of compliments; and one poor fellow—Lieutenant Sloane, of the —th Ohio—could find nothing appropriate among the sutlers' stores, so he sent an enormous old pound-cake, as stale as a brick, with some charming verses, to the youngest. Even General K—— had gone head over ears with Cordelia to the tune of his seal ring, and had sent the old lady a spare camp-kettle, with an eye to grace in high quarters.

But the impression was slight. They were secesh all over; and though the presents were received with much willingness, I, for one, saw that we were "Yankees" still, and rated accordingly in their warm Southern estimation. It might have been different if the girls had been by themselves, but the old lady—there was the rub.

Besides being as proud as Lucifer (taking what she could get from our stores though, from sheer necessity), I sometimes caught an ugly twinkle in her eye, when some of our fellows were beneath it, immersed in the sweet converse of the younger doves, which led me to think that if a nice company of guerrillas could be let in at the back door, some of those delightful autumn evenings, upon an unsuspecting Colonel or two, that the old lady was just the girl to do it, and chuckle afterward.

The grand-daughters—whose sire was cooling his Southern blood in some Northern prison, and whose mother had quitted the hoe-cake and bacon of her native land for another, and, very probably, a better, world—are more agreeable, if less original, subjects to contemplate. And a compound description will answer for the three. There was just one year's difference in their respective ages, one inch difference in their respective statures, and, apparently, one shade (a positive one) of variation in the color of their respective hair; Amelia's—the oldest—being black, Cordelia's brown, and Ophelia's a brilliant crimson. Otherwise, they all looked alike; did about the same amount of smiling, laughing, and sighing—always in concert.

The Big Cabin, as their home was called and known from far off, was an exceedingly primitive, but not uncomfortable, manor house, only one story high, with a multitude of wings, sheds, porches, and additions of various dates, all built of logs, rough outside but plastered within—the whole structure appearing to spread itself over a full half-acre of ground, with a corn-field in front, and a kitchen-garden and stable-yard between the rear and the unbroken forest, which they called a pasture.

Well, something extraordinary was on the *tapis*. The old lady had apparently melted, and we were progressing in her favor, as well as that of the girls. There was to be a ball, a gathering, or whatever it may be called, at the Big Cabin. Hints had been slily dropped; some of our mess acted mysteriously, as if they were deeper in the secret, while all of us looked forward expectantly. And one morning I was officially apprised of the affair by a contraband about a yard long, who brought me the young ladies' compliments in a yellow envelope, a sheet of foolscap, and blue ink, which ran as follows, *verbatim:*

THE BIG CABIN, *Sept.* —, 1863.

Capt. Layeton:

We want you very much to come over to nite with the other fellars and partake the humbel fair of our festiv bord.

Very Aff. your

AMELIA
CORDELIA } GRANBY.
OPHELIA

P.S.—Mother is going to have some other gentlemen from the neighborhood she wants you to see.

P.S.—Do try and make Gen. K. come to. He thot he would butt we're afrade he wont.

Of course I was in seeming ecstasies at this gushing, guileless mark of esteem; but there was something in it that set me thinking. Colonel S—— was with me. He had just received a similar invitation, and was smiling all over like a pond in the wind. I exhibited my note exultingly as if it contained something signally tender, when he made haste to refute the idea of any favoritism having been shown me by displaying his own, which was almost in the same words, with a postscript running, "General K—— thought he would come over with the rest, but wasn't sure he could. Pray try to induce him. It will be so nice;" or something in that strain. And Captain D——, entering at that moment, displayed a similar epistle, with a postscript equally solicitous of the presence of the gallant General K—— at the morrow's gathering. "Lucky dog," thought Colonel S——. "Happy fellow," mused the Captain, aloud. "K—— has surely made an impression." And I said nothing, having something else in my mind, and not doubting that all the invitations, could they be scrutinized, would have postscripts of which the gay General would be the burden.

There were about twenty officers among the chosen; and such an ado in the way of toilet arrangements was a novelty in the camp. Whiskers were trimmed that had had their own sweet will for many a month. Pomatum was at a premium. Boots were polished, and new ones purchased; shirts borrowed, and neck-ties improvised; watch-guards prominently displayed, to the astonishment of the whole corps. But if any attempt was successful, if any rig was neat, unexceptionable, surely that of General K——'s was gorgeous. He commenced to dress himself in the morning, and had not finished when the evening fell. All the rest except myself were mounted and impatiently awaiting his pleasure, when I went to see how he progressed. He was so generous and handsome that four privates, two of them Germans, who had been barbers in St. Louis, had volunteered to assist in his "get up." Besides these, he had his own two contrabands who had followed his fortunes from Western Virginia; and the interior of his tent presented a novel and unwarlike spectacle as I entered. Sambo was polishing a pair of boots for probably the twentieth time, expending an incredible amount of saliva on the same; Cuffee was breathing on the epaulets and rubbing them with buckskin, the glittering spurs at his side attesting to the same office having been performed on them; one of the Germans was trying to twist some curl into the General's hair with a broken bayonet, which now and then he would plunge into the embers of the camp-stove near by, devoting his spare time to the whiskers; while his brother in nativity was brushing the coat and polishing its rear buttons. The two remaining soldiers were engaged on the saddle and harness metal with all their might in another corner; and the poor General himself was looking quite haggard and anxious in their midst. But he was not the least disconcerted at my entrance—sprang from the hair-dresser's last finish, with a satisfied glance in the small mirror before him, drew on his boots briskly, and finally worked himself inside of his coat with a smile of triumph on his lips.

Hardly refraining from laughter, I let my feelings have vent in a burst of spontaneous admiration, which he seemed to take as a matter of course. I let him get entirely dressed before saying another word—let the bushy epaulets gleam on his shoulders, the spurs on his heels, and the voluminous handkerchief half lose itself out of his manly bosom, and finally the presentation-sword dangle at his side, and the seldom-worn chapeau crown his noble brows, and then I begged a word in private.

"Nonsense," said he; "I have already kept them waiting. Let us be off."

But I was not to be put back in that way, but insisted; so the tent was cleared of attendants, and I proceeded to open my heart to the General for a few minutes, which had the effect of dissipating much of his self-satisfied air, and replacing it with a sheepish fidget painful to behold. But after a few minutes' further talk he looked better, and his eyes began to twinkle maliciously as I concluded.

"I leave it all to you," said he, and sitting down to a table he gave me a line or two of writing, with which I departed, and shortly afterward joined my comrades, first, however, depositing the order I had received with Colonel F——, the officer of the day, and borrowing a bugle, which I hung from my neck as an extra ornament.

"The General says he can't come for an hour yet," said I, and we galloped off through the twilight without him.

It was quite dark, but the Big Cabin was dotted with lights as we rode up and were welcomed by all the darkeys on the estate, some dozen in number, who took charge of our horses; and, leaving our caps and things in the sort of ante-chamber or hall we first entered, we walked and scraped and bowed and curveted into the great room of the Cabin, where the Misses Granby and a score or so of the lovely Georgians of the neighborhood were noisily awaiting us in their best garments, which, I may as well say, were by no means extravagant. None of the male Georgians we had expected to meet were yet on hand, but every one assured us they would join us soon; and we cared little whether they would or not, as there was only about a girl apiece as it was.

Although early autumn the mountain vicinity made the nights coolish, and a great fire, apparently composed of whole trees, was leaping and crackling in the fire-place, which occupied almost one end of the apartment. And there, at one side of it, sat the old lady, with her black pipe between her lips, and the set sneer on her brows and mouth, and the inveterate, high old sky-blue silk on her person. Not a word of welcome said she, but let the tide of "How d'ye do's," "Wa'al, I declares," and introductions of the strange damsels take its course for a few moments, when her harsh voice fell among us with,

"Whar's the Gineral?"

The girls also looked concerned; but I explained that his absence was only temporary, and they brightened up again.

Well, dancing was in the programme, and the civilian guests not appearing, we prepared for the "light fantastic." An old darkey, throned upon a hogshead at one end of the room, began to tune the screechiest old violin that ever tortured mortal tympanum, and a rush was made for the prettier girls, who were "gobbled" in less than no time, it being my fortune to lead forth the fair Ophelia—she of the crimson curls; and it was not long before all were paired except two—Lieutenant G——, a bashful fellow, and the most unengaging girl in the room. The latter had been introduced, if I remember rightly, as a Miss Curdy, and was not without considerable beauty of person; but there was something so spiteful, so repulsive in her vindictive eyes and angry lips that every one had tried to overlook her in the choice of partners, and all with success except poor G——, whose timidity had kept him in the back-ground, and who now seemed positively frightened at the prospect—she and he the only ones left unmated, except the lonely hostess at the fire-place. Actually the poor fellow's resolution seemed to waver between the two. He waited so long as to attract the attention of all, to the merriment of most. It was like the Malay on the post, with the crocodile on one side and the lion on the other. First he sidled over to the fair Curdy; but a glance from the repellent eyes brought him to a halt like a leveled bayonet, and at length, with something desperate in his demeanor, he made up to the old lady and commenced to bow and scrape as if demented. He was theatrically inclined, and we heard him stammer something about leading some one into the sylph-like maze, when the black pipe dropped from the lady's lips and her scorn broke forth.

"What! hey! look 'ere!" But there was no adequate expression of her wrath; so she began to laugh in a light, raspy way, and finally roared, almost every one but poor G—— joining in the chorus.

"Turn roun', man, turn roun' and look thar," said she.

"Whar?" cried G——, immersed in the idiom through sheer confusion.

"Thar! at Sal Curdy, you donk. Go 'long!" said the other, pointing at the scornful beauty close by; and G—— was before her in an instant, bowing and perspiring furiously, while she arose and took his arm like a queen.

Then the shiny bald forehead of the fiddler commenced swaying up and down as he bent to his task, the crazy instrument shrieked and wailed, and the dance began. It was a sort of wild cotillon, which none of the male performers had ever attempted before, so that there were frequent bumpings up against and unintentional changing of partners, which not only added to the hilarity of the occasion, but contributed much to the discomposure of the minstrel, whose shrill directions, as he called the figure, had little effect upon us. The unique manner in which this worthy performed the part of master of ceremonies was somewhat interesting as well as incomprehensible.

"Keep in de ring! keep in de ring! Fellahs to de right, gals to de lef'! Keep in de ring! *Now:* han's all roun'! han's all roun'! Swap de partners! Keep in de ring! *Now:* shassy, shassy—keep in de ring! Fellahs to de lef', gals to de right! *Now:* han's all roun'! han's all roun'! *Whoop!*"

Something of this nature, vociferated at the top of his mighty lungs, with a periodical Ashantee war-whoop rising through and mingling with the screams of the violin, while his great crank of a foot crashed up and down on the loose planks of the floor, contributed to the strangeness of the rude scene. Every one liked it as he got used to it, and the female portion seemed absolutely in ecstasies. Even the widow looked up excitedly from the fire-place, and cheered us on, all the mother leaping over her hard face at some master-piece on the part of one or another of her girls.

"Go in, Deely! Sling him, Pheely! Hooray, hooray, look at Meely!" would burst from her lips at intervals, while her eyes seemed to flash and her angular form to grow supple and rotund once more as we swept before her.

The whole thing ended in a tremendous waltz, for which we were prepared by the fiddlers—"Han's all roun', and den stan' by for de Georgia reel;" and then we fell into it as naturally as a chip in a whirlpool, and began to spin around the great room at an awful pace. If the excitement was furious before it was now delirious. Even the repellent beauty caught the contagion. Her eye fired and her sallow cheek bloomed, and poor little G—— was fairly lifted from his feet in the strong grasp of the wild being whom the music seemed to permeate and play through as they swung in the resistless whirl. The old lady shouted for joy, and the leather-lunged accents of the darkey would chime in periodically with—

"Sling 'em, sling 'em, ha, ha! Sling 'em, sling 'em—frow 'em roun'—whoop!" till at last the bow dropped from his exhausted hand, and we spun into our seats—perhaps two of us in one seat, for they are free-and-easy down in Georgia—and the air was loaded with our pants and congratulations.

Well, every one was in excellent humor. Ophelia told me some of her secrets; how some fellow had been "pocking posies to her" all summer, when the war took him off—by which she evidently meant that he had been courting her through the eloquent medium of floral gifts—and how some other fellow had tried to "crink in his tracks, but couldn't come it, because his feet wouldn't fit them," etc., so pleasantly that I began to forgive her the color of her hair, and wish she might imbibe a few *Union* sentiments for true love's sake. And then the gallant General entered at last, epaulets and all, amidst a perfect furor of applause from the girls. "'Ere's the Gineral!" "Oh my, look at the brass on him!" "My stars, what whiskers!" cried a dozen voices; and the widow herself arose to do him honor. I am compelled to say that, in spite of her "whars" and "thars," and her clay-pipe and slovenly attire, there was something of quiet dignity and courtesy in the old woman's mien when she had laid aside her pipe and stood beside General K——, which was not unreasonably in favor of the choice blood of which she boasted.

Another dance and then supper, which had been waiting long enough, the widow said, and should wait no longer for all the quality in Georgia. We were ushered by half a score of darkeys into an apartment narrower, but much longer than the one in which we had danced, with two groaning tables extending the whole length side by side, table-clothless, napkinless, but heaped with as noble a repast as ever dilated the eyeballs of a hungry man. A large pig—quite a hog, in fact—crowned the centre of one board, roasted whole. All sorts of fowl, land and water, with great dishes of preserves, of a humble kind to be sure, the vegetables of the season, and your choice of rye coffee, sweet cider, or army whisky. The whole affair was a surprising success for "the impoverished South;" but, nevertheless, we afterward learned that the neighbors had been borrowed from for miles around to crown the occasion with plenty. We were soon seated; the darkeys hopped about as busy as bees, and the feast commenced. The General took care of the widow. He toasted her and every one else. High glee was the order of the evening; and it was nearly midnight when we thought of rising, intending to close the occasion with a grand waltz.

We had just formed for the purpose, the shiny pate of the minstrel was beginning to bob up and down, and the instrument to plead for mercy, when we heard the hall door open, feet in the hall, and presently a knock at the inner door, which the widow opened eagerly.

"Wa'al, I'm shot, if 'ere ain't the rest of 'em. Come in. Gentlemen, this 'ere's Mr. Jenks."

"Wa'al, since you insist, I s'pose I must, ole gal," said that individual, entering.

"And, gentlemen," continued the hostess, merrily, "this 'ere's Mr. Simons. And this 'ere's Mr. So and So," with each expression ushering in a lank, ragged, barefooted cut-throat of a guerrilla, with half a dozen pistols and a knife or two in his belt, till they numbered about thirty, while our arms were in the hall.

Jenks, the leader, was a specially villainous-looking wretch, who had appropriated General K——'s sword, which he had found upon entering, and now eyed us, with an attempt at mirth on his unshorn, brutal features which was positively impious.

"How d'ye do, gents? What nice clothes them is!" said he. "And, bless me, what a gay little turnip you've got, Gineral!" turning his attention to our worthy superior as he spoke. "Let's see what time it is;" and he coolly drew it from the fob. "Twelve, as I live! Must go shortly. You'll go with us, won't you? Never mind; no thanks. Ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha!" roared the burly crew in concert, appearing to see a joke somewhere.

And then the leader passed from each, begging for seal-rings, watches, or whatever else we might have; while the girls tittered, and began to talk together about the "Yanks being skotched this time, shore." I had heard and read about the effrontery and treachery of rebel women—had seen something of it, but never such an exhibition as was here. It was difficult to comprehend how these beings—women, and true women evidently, lively, joyous, and sympathetic in a measure—could reconcile in their womanly breasts a betrayal so gross, sudden, and absolute of the men whom they had rendered happy for hours, with aught of the milk of human kindness. Yet not a blush of shame suffused a maiden cheek. Their candor was perfect. They did not seem to hate us particularly; the dance was too fresh in their minds; but they gave us over to the Philistines with an utterly artless air of duty which was wonderful.

All of us, except the General and myself, were troubled exceedingly at this unlooked-for *contretemps;* visions of Richmond prisons and rebel fare flitted ominously before them, and two or three reproached their fair deceivers in terms more deserving than elegant. But the darlings only laughed, and mocked them. The gang had each seized, by this time, a portion from the deserted feast, and were moving about with the girls, gnawing away at a bone or crust, and making themselves excessively merry at our woe-begone appearance. But they were somewhat taken aback when my turn to be pilfered came round.

"Maybe I hain't seen you afore?" growled Jenks.

"Maybe you hain't," I responded.

"Maybe you hain't the chap I seed on the lower road day before yesterday?"

"Maybe I hain't."

"But you air."

"True."

"That's a pooty bugle o yourn. Let's have it."

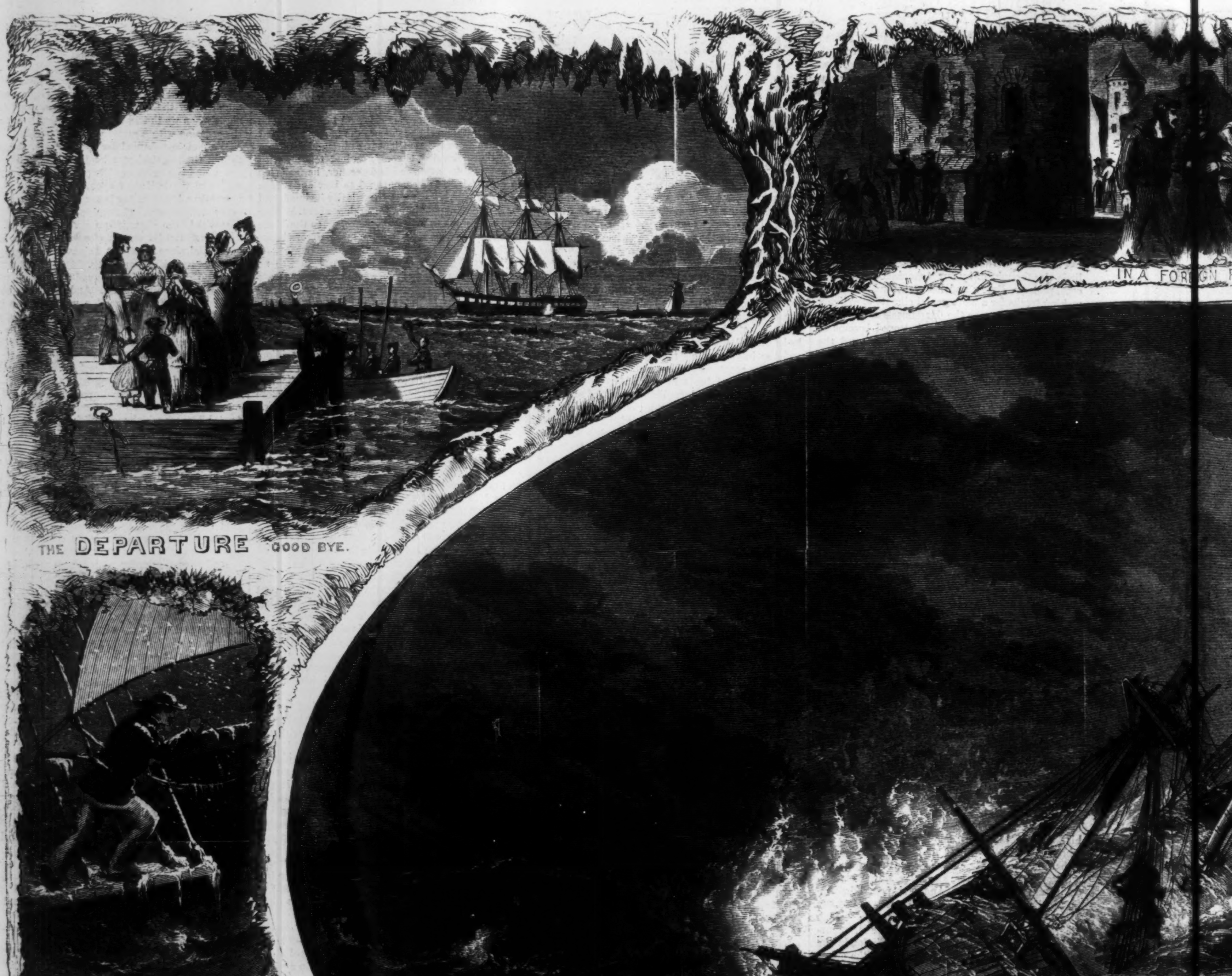
"You can't have it."

"What's to prevent me?"

"This!" And I caught the bugle from my side and wound a peal that shook the house; simultaneously we heard the door tried from without, and, almost before the blast had echoed away, we heard the door, which the scoundrels had bolted as they entered, crash in from the butt end of a musket, and the hall began to fill with many feet. Jenks made a horrible imprecation, drew a pistol and fired, but I knocked up his hand a second before the discharge, and put him to sleep with a blow from the poker, which I snatched from the fire-place close at hand.

"Put up your weapons, my friends," said I to the rebels, who, hardly comprehending the state of the case, were drawing knives and pistols for a free fight. "You will gain nothing by resistance. A regiment surrounds the house, and the hall is jammed with troops."

Then the door opened, and Colonel S—— entered with a file of our boys, who proceeded to disarm the rueful guerrillas without much ceremony. But if any one felt sheepish, the widow and her three promising daughters must have been the victims of deeper chagrin. The old lady was simply mad. She had schemed for this nice little affair for days and nights, and now if she used some hard words they might be excusable. Besides, she might have delivered us to the enemy before that good supper had been disposed of, if she had so chosen, and I, for one, was not so hard on her after all. A bucket of water on the head of Mr. Jenks (a guerrilla long notorious to the army) brought him to his senses; and he, together with his comrades, in a few hours was safely lodged in the camp. Jenks had broken his parole four times, and the oath of allegiance innumerably, was tried next morning by court-martial, sentenced, and shot at noon. The rest were sent to Johnson's Island. We have occupied that region a long time now, and all the needy homes of the vicinity, whether of friend or foe, have since drawn favors from our commissary department, with thanks and blessings upon the donors; all homes except one—the Big Cabin at the fork of the Atlanta road.


THE DEPARTURE GOOD BYE.
HEAVING THE LEAD
NAVAL ENGAGEMENT
A STORY
INCIDENTS IN THE

GN PORT
THE RETURN.
FURLING SAIL
D RESCUE.
F THE SEA,
E LIFE OF A SAILOR.
BETWEEN DECKS

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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CHAPTER III.

NURSE PIGOTT.

The festival came to an end at last, and the glittering company departed. Griffin Blunt lingered to the last, and wound his way to the door of egress, through a silken labyrinth of polite conversations and bowing adieux. Ivanhoff's last aria, and Malibran's last cadence: young Mr. Disraeli's "Henrietta Temple," Prince Esterhazy's last conversazione, and the Duke of Devonshire's last ball at Brighton: the odds for the St. Leger, the beauties of drawn tulle bonnets; the musical glasses—without Shakspeare—had each their graceful mention, as the dandy fluttered in and about the parterres of beauty and fashion. The scene at the gate was like the crush-room at the opera, only with mellow sunlight turned on instead of garish gas—like the "pen" at St. James's without the trains and plumes. The company had begun to yawn. The grandes dames wanted their siesta before dinner. The men languished for their clubs. Even Fashion is not exempt from the laws of fatigue; and perhaps one reason why great people grow so tired of one another, and are, in sheer lassitude, constrained to indulge in mutual disparagement and backbiting, is that they see each other so frequently. What is the beau monde, after all, but a huge convent in masquerade, with its vigils, macerations, mortifications, penances as voluntarily undertaken, and as painful often as those undergone in the monastery or the nunnery? Frets there never a hair-shirt or a spiked girdle beneath the embroidered corsage? Is there not often, appended to the perfumed dressing-room, a cell with its skull, its pallet of shards, its whips and scourges?

Mr. Blunt had divers offers of conveyance to town. He might have continued a Squire of Dames to the last, and sat behind the most expensively jobbed horses in the metropolis. But he courteously declined all such proposals. He had a little business to transact, he said, and he was every body's humble and devoted servant. He remained, however, chatting, bowing, smiling, until the crush grew thin, until the shame-faced people who had come down in glass coaches and hackneys took heart of grace, and bid the red jackets summon their shabby hired vehicles, and until one or two attachés of foreign legations, and hardened guardsmen, kindled their cigars before strolling away. In justice to them it must be admitted that even these offenders peeped round to see there were no ladies near. Nowadays, shame and the smoker have been hopelessly divorced. So far from hesitating as to lighting a cigar in a lady's presence, the worshiper of nicotine well-nigh presumes to ask Beauty for a Vesuvian. A qui la faute? Is Beauty or Bœotia to blame?

The trees of Chiswick were bathed in crimson and burnished gold, and cast shadows of deepest purple, before the dandy himself ventured to light a cigar. When he began to smoke he smoked vigorously, and as he walked away with a firm hasty tread, the blue wreaths of vapor circling behind him, his gait seemed very different from that of the mincing, tripping exquisite of half an hour before. Had you Fortunatus's cap, or been in the receipt of fern seed, you might have availed yourself of the privilege of invisibility, trodden on his varnished heel—marked how nervously he turned and started, although he but crunched a pebble—and then, looking in his face, have discovered, not without amazement, that his face was as the face of an old man.

Terribly jaded, haggard, and care-worn. A film seemed to have come over the eyes. No silver, but a rust rather, mingled with the jetty hair and whiskers. And the smile had fled away from the mouth, and left only furrows of cruelty and unpity there.

He struck into a by-lane, green and solitary as though it had been fifty miles from London, and walking rapidly, soon came upon a mean little wayside tavern, all thatch and ivy and honey-suckle, and with the sign of the "Goat" swinging before it. He passed through the bar, where two market gardeners sprawled over their pipes and beer on a bench—one awake and uproarious, the other asleep and snoring, and both as happy, doubtless, as the Great Mogul. He turned to a little side window, and in the most unaffected manner in the world ordered a glass of brandy. He order brandy! Maraschino, curaçoa, parfait amour, would have been seemingly more suitable to his refined taste. Nevertheless he not only ordered the liquor but drank it down without flinching; and, which is still more singular, paid for it—a performance to which he was, to say the least, unaccustomed. However, this was to be for Mr. Blunt an evening unusually marked for the disbursement of ready money.

"There is a person here with a child," he said, less asking a question than asserting something of which he entertained no doubt.

"In the parlor, Sir," the landlady replied, with a low courtesy, for gentlemen so gallantly accoutred were by no means frequent customers at the "Goat."

The dandy looked inquiringly for the parlor's whereabouts. The landlady bustled from behind her counter, and ushered him into a little room at the extremity of the passage, and then returned to gossip with her daughter about the beautiful teeth and whiskers and gold chain of the distinguished stranger. Both conceived from that hour forward an intense abhorrence for all market gardeners who drank small-beer, and got tipsy.

"And such a lovely little angel of a child as is a waitin' for him," the hostess pursued—"his da'ater, for sure!"

"Is her mother with her?" asked Phœbe, the daughter.

"Her mother!" echoed the landlady in great disdain. "Do you think, child, such a grand gentleman would bring his wife here among the likes of us? No, no—it must be the nuss; for she's only got on a cotton print dress and an eight-and-twenty shilling shawl, and her bonnet 'ud be dear at four and elevenpence, strings and all."

"What does he bring *her* here for, and what could such a grand gentleman want with four penn'orth of brandy?" persisted Phœbe, who was of an inquiring disposition.

"There, go along, child, and wash up your glasses!" cried the landlady in a pet, probably because she too was unable to answer these questions to her own satisfaction. "It ain't no business of ours. Maybe he likes brandy, though the nuss had a pint o' wine and a sweet biscuit, and paid for it like a lady. Go along, I say, and don't stand chattering there." Whereupon Mrs. Landlady, who was somewhat hot of temper, elbowed her daughter into a small cavern used as a lavatory for the drinking vessels of the establishment, and entered into communion with a piece of chalk and a slate, not, however, being able to dissociate perturbed cogitations as to her customers from the otherwise absorbing occupation of calculating what additions might be discreetly made to the score of the two market gardeners, while the one was snoring and the other singing a song, certainly without beginning and seemingly without end.

Meanwhile the object of this conversation had entered the parlor and made his salutations to its occupants. These salutations were of a two-fold nature.

"How do you do, Nurse Pigott?" he said, with an affable nod, and a condescending grin—but it was forced—to a fubsy dumpy woman with a very red round face, and for whose attire the brief but graphic summary given by the landlady to her daughter will amply suffice. "All well with you at home, I hope."

"Nicely, Sir, which it also left my husband, thankin' you kindly, and glory be," responded the dumpy woman, rising and dropping a profound reverence. "But oh, Sir, Miss Lily have been a takin' on dreadful."

"Why, what's the matter with her—the little puss?" exclaimed the dandy, sharply. And this was his second salutation.

The "Little Puss" was sitting on the dumpy woman's knee. Indeed she was a very little puss—a tiny fair girl of three years old. She had very long brown hair curling in thick profusion round her chubby face. She had very large wondering blue eyes; but these, on the present occasion, were red and swollen. Her whole face was suffused with the moisture of sorrow. Her little lips were twitching. It was evident that the "Little Puss" had been crying her eyes out.

"Be quiet, miss, and don't be naughty, or I shall tell nurse Pigott to give you a whipping," said the dandy.

His words were harsh and unfeeling; but oddly enough his manner was not so. He spoke less in anger than in the languid tone of an Indian Begum telling her slave girl that really, if she gave her any more trouble she would be compelled to have her buried alive. It may be that the dandy had enjoyed very, very little experience of children, and erroneously imagined that whipping was the only specific course of treatment available in the case of tears. At any rate the threat had not the desired effect, the child being evidently aware that Nurse Pigott was no more likely to execute it than to cut her head off with a carving knife, so she began, to the perturbation of the dandy, to cry louder than ever.

"Tut, tut, tut!" Mr. Blunt murmured, pacing the room in vexation. "Dear me, dear me, Nurse Pigott, this is very embarrassing, and not at all fair to me, you know. When I paid your last month's bill, and told you that I was obliged to take Miss Lily away, I distinctly informed you there was to be no crying; my nerves can't stand it, they can't, indeed." But there was little good in reasoning with Nurse Pigott, who was crying quite as copiously, if not so noisily, as her little charge.

"Oh, Sir!" she sobbed out, half essaying to comfort Lily, and half to dry her own eyes with the corner of her shawl, "I can't help it—I can't indeed, Sir, when I thinks of that there blessed innocent which I took from the breast, and have never left, night nor day, for three years Janiwery, likewise nussing her through measles and hoopin'-cough, and all her pretty ways, a pulling of us all to pieces, and hangin' round us, and my 'usband is a-fond of her as if she was his own, which we have buried two and the twins being the one of them that's left is but sickly, and will never make old bones, which the doctor told me only last Tuesday was a fortnight, it breaks my heart, it do, indeed, to part with the little darling. Oh, Sir, let the child bide with us, and don't take her away."

Griffin Blunt was too well-bred to bite his nails, besides he had not taken off his gloves, but he bit his lips, and contracted his brows, and paced the room more nervously than ever. "You're a stupid old woman," he muttered, pettishly.

"I know I am," acquiesced Nurse Pigott, with a fresh succession of sobs, "and so's my 'usband, that is in bein' fond of the little cherub, and glad would he be for us to keep it, though only a journeyman plasterer, and times is hard as hard can be."

"She is trying it on for more money," Mr. Blunt said, internally. "The old hypocrite. I told you," he continued, turning to Nurse Pigott, "that it was absolutely necessary for me to remove the little girl. I am about to take her to a place where she will be well educated.

"She ain't old enough to be eddicated," moaned Nurse Pigott. "Besides, my 'usband reads beautiful, and there's a lovely school round the corner at twopence a week, and let alone teaching, there's nobody but me knows how much bread and butter she wants."

"Pray let me have no more of this painful discussion," the dandy, with calm dignity, interposed. "When I made an appointment with you to meet me here you understood the purpose for which you were to bring the child. You have been paid for her maintenance, and I must tell you that if you have any views of gaining more money by her they will be disappointed.

"Money!" exclaimed Nurse Pigott, half choking, and by this time as much with indignation as with grief. "Money, I scorns it. It isn't money I want, nor my 'usband neither. If the dear child had been put out to us by the parish we'd ha' done our dooty by it. If its fathers and mothers were lords and ladies and hemperors, we'd ha' done the same. It isn't for the money, though little enough, goodness knows, and not paid regular, which you know Sir, not being disrespectable to you. And if you'd leave the darling with us, and money was a little short, I'm sure we'd wait for better times, and never trouble you for one brass farthing if you'd only let us 'ave our little, little Lily," and Nurse Pigott subsided after this into mere incoherence of grief.

The dandy winced when reminded that he had not been too punctual a paymaster. He could see, however, that the remark was totally devoid of malice. He could not help acknowledging that the child, whom he had seen perhaps six times during three years, had been reared with infinite love and tenderness by Nurse Pigott, all vulgar, dumpy woman as she was. And something like a feeling of shame made his mind blush at the remembrance that this love and tenderness had been bestowed upon Lily by strangers.

"There, there, Nurse Pigott," he said, as soothingly as he could, "I'm sure that you've done your best with the little thing, and her papa and her mamma (who is too ill, poor thing, to come and see her) are very much obliged to you. Only, you know, the best of friends must part. I told you that ever so long ago. Come, don't let us have any more fuss—you can't tell how it injures my nerves—and kiss the child and all that sort of thing, for I'm rather pressed for time."

Nurse Pigott had her nerves too, and for days she had been attempting to nerve herself to undergo with fortitude a separation, which the dandy, to do him justice, had warned her was inevitable. For you see that to part with a domestic pet round which the cords of your heart have twined themselves is very, very hard. And Nurse Pigott had known Lily long before she could speak or walk. She had taken her too from the breast. She had sat by her night after night in those sicknesses when the life of a little child is as easily blown out as a rushlight. She had rejoiced in her growing strength and beauty. For what light and knowledge there was already in Lily's mind Nurse Pigott, with rough, homely, kindly hands, had opened the door. She had taught the little morsel of Christianity to prattle out some prayers, to lisp some key-notes of reverence or fear about God, and the sky, and good and naughty people. Lily used to call her "mumma," and the male Pigott (plasterer by trade, honest and kind-hearted fellow by nature) she accosted as "dada." Yes; the divorce was hard, albeit the youngling was none of their own. They had no girls; but Lily had possessed as a foster-brother the surviving twin, a tranquil little boy, with wisdom far beyond his years, who passed the major part of his time in sprawling on the ground, in earnest contemplation of the curious features of that eternal world of which the doctor forbade his parents to entertain a lengthened hope of his living to investigate. Lily's nurture under the auspices of Nurse Pigott had been the very reverse of refined, but it had never lacked affectionate and sedulous care. The good woman absolutely doted on her charge, although five shillings a week was all the amount of the remuneration she received for tending her. Work was sometimes slack with the plasterer, and he, his wife, and the twin (whose profoundly philosophical temperament led him to regard potato-peelings as an aliment equal in succulence to bread and butter, or even to meat) had occasionally to go on short commons; but Lily was never bereft of a meal abundant in quantity and nourishing in quality. She had never known what it was to go without pudding. A slight meat-eater she was, as beseemed her age; yet what morsels of flesh she required were never wanting, even if they had to be purchased from the proceeds accruing from the deposit in tribulation of the plasterer's great silver watch. The male Pigott's affection for her was prodigious. In her earliest youth he could with difficulty be deterred from offering her sups of beer from his evening pint; and when told that the fermented infusion of malt and hops was improper refreshment for a child, he, of his own motion, absolutely forewent a nightly moiety of his beer-money in order to purchase apples and gingerbread for his foster-baby. The price of half a pint of porter was not a very sumptuous bounty; but a penny, as you may be aware, goes a very long way in a poor man's household.

The stock of clothes, beginning in the mere langes of infancy, and renewed from time to time as the child grew old enough for little frocks and socks, had never been very extensive nor very abundant; but Nurse Pigott had kept Lily's wardrobe with admirable and scrupulous neatness. Only once during the three years and a half had she ever importuned the dandy (with whom she was instructed to correspond through the medium of a London post-office, and the initials F. B.) for money. That was after a journey to Kensington undertaken by the nurse, when in the window of a certain haberdasher's in the High Street she had seen a robe of mouse-colored merino, so curiously embroidered with silken braid that she had there and then determined to secure it for Lily, either by the legitimate means of asking Mr. Blunt for the money, or by selling or pawning her own goods and chattels, or by bursting bodily into the shop and stealing the much-coveted robe. Fortunately, however, measures so desperate had not to be resorted to. The dandy happened to be in funds, and in a good humor, when he received a pathetic and ill-spelt letter directed to F. B., and the sum demanded, which was but two guineas, was forwarded. But chiefly had Mrs. Pigott found favor in the fine gentleman's eyes from the exquisite cleanliness and neatness in which she had always kept Lily. The philosophical twin objected on principle to soap, and his father deprecated his being subjected to much lavatory discipline, on the ground that he (the twin) would be washed away if he were washed often; but there was always warm water for Lily and Windsor soap for Lily; nay, on one occasion, good Nurse Pigott had purchased a bar of Castile soap, the which, from its curiously marbled appearance, the child imagined to be sweet-stuff, and essayed to suck. Winter and summer she never went without her bath, and although her poor little garments had frequently to be pieced and darned, she was always natty and shining as the newest of pins.

A very few words will suffice to explain how Lily came into Nurse Pigott's custody. Three years and a half before the commencement of this history the plasterer became cognizant of an advertisement in the day before yesterday's *Morning Advertiser* (it was before the days of penny journalism), which he was in the habit of borrowing from the hostelry where he purchased his modest allowance of beer. This advertisement set forth that a lady and gentleman were desirous of placing an infant at nurse with some respectable person in the immediate vicinity of London. The Pigotts then occupied a diminutive cottage at Brentford. Forthwith they answered the advertisement in an epistle which the plasterer considered to be a chef d'œuvre of calligraphy and composition, and which was, indeed, a marvel of archaic orthography and abnormal pot-hooks and hangers. In due time an answer arrived and an appointment made to meet the advertiser in London. Thither went Nurse Pigott, arrayed in her Sunday best; and, at a specified hotel in Dover Street, Piccadilly, she was received, not by the dandy, but by Monsieur Sournois, from Switzerland, his valet, who made all the necessary arrangements for the reception of an infant six months old, and paid a month in advance of the sum stipulated for. Being asked whether the child was christened (for Nurse Pigott was a stanch church of England woman), he replied that it did not matter. Being pressed on this point he said that it was all right, and that the child's name was to be Lily Smith. And as Lily Smith she was received by Nurse Pigott. The good woman did not feel herself called upon to ask any more questions. Infants are put out to nurse every year, and by the thousand, in and about London, without references more searching than a money payment in advance being given or required. Very often no name at all is asked for or furnished. I wonder whether such a system encourages immorality. I should like to hear, on this subject, those blessed Sisters of La Sainte Enfance—"the Holy Childhood" at Hong Kong, who buy babies from the Chinese mothers to save the little innocents from being cast into the sea, or thrown, as they are in the interior of China, to the pigs.

The little Lily Smith throve apace, and had not more than an average share of infantile ailments. I believe that I am correct in stating that she took the measles beautifully, that she got through her teething with promptitude and dispatch, and that only the most favorable symptoms were developed when she had variola ovina, as it was called among the fashionables at Richmond. With the unfashionables on the other side of the Thames at Brentford it was known as the chicken-pox. Monsieur Sournois came at first once a month to see Baby, and greatly impressed Nurse Pigott with the amenity of his manners and the affability of his conversation. By-and-by he was succeeded by Mr. Blunt, who never kissed the child, never fondled it, and, indeed, took not much more notice of it, in a languid survey through the medium of his eye-glass, than if Lily had been a waxen doll in a toy-shop. Thus did the little girl remain until she was nearly four years of age—the payments for her maintenance falling sometimes, as I have hinted, into arrear. But Nurse Pigott and the plasterer (who loved Lily as the apple of his eye) never grumbled. They would gladly, as the poor woman had said, have kept their foster-child for nothing; and it was a day of bitter sorrow for them when a curt letter arrived from Mr. Blunt—or F. B.—as he continued to sign himself, directing the child to be made ready and brought to the place of rendezvous he pointed out on such and such a day. So Lily, poor little shorn lamb, after having the wind tempered to her, was suddenly to be given up to the grim gaunt wolf.

I retract: gaunt if you please, but not grim; for all the while that I have been telling the story of Lily's babyhood Mr. Blunt's countenance has

been robed in his most dulcet smile, and he has been exhausting his seductive arsenal to soothe and conciliate the sobbing child. He has shown her his trinkets, his teeth, and the gold knob to his cane: he has done every thing but kiss her. One loses the taste for innocent kisses as for that of bread and jam. Tiger Blunt liked his kisses condimented with caviar or cayenne pepper.

The nurse was consoled and the child quieted at last; and after an infinity of hugging, the poor plasterer's wife announced that she was ready to go, and that she was sorry for having kept the gentleman so long. Between the spasms of her parting embrace she told Lily that she should see her again very soon.

"And I may, mayn't I, Sir?" she continued, turning with an appealing look to the dandy. "Oh say that I may, if it's only once a year. I shall break my 'art, I know I shall, if I don't see my darling again."

"Of course, of course!" replied the dandy, who would have promised any thing to secure a good deliverance. "The child shall write to you"—poor little Lily, who didn't know great A from a bull's foot as yet: "that is, I'll write, yes, yes. Now, my good Nurse Pigott, we really must be going, you know."

So two heavy hearts and one very callous one went out of the little tavern parlor and into the road: the landlady and her inquisitive daughter craning their necks after them. There was no luggage to carry. Lily's little effects would not have filled an ordinary carpet bag; but the dandy had graciously informed Mrs. Pigott that she might keep the child's clothes, as new ones would be provided for her at the place whither she was bound. Where that place might be the good woman did not venture to ask, for although the dandy's teeth helped his mouth admirably toward a smile, they also looked as though they were capable on occasion of biting.

At the end of the lane—not that by which the dandy had approached, but its opposite extremity—a hackney-coach was waiting. It was now nearly dark. By the dandy's direction Nurse Pigott lifted Lily into the vehicle, which had already, as she could obscurely discern, one occupant, and that a man. The child was by this time half asleep and wholly tired. The dandy condescendingly gave Nurse Pigott a couple of fingers, dextrously hustled her on one side, and in another minute she found herself crying in the middle of the road, quite alone.

But not so lonely as poor little Lily, albeit she was in a carriage with two men, one of whom told her that he was her papa.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISS BUNNYCASTLE'S ESTABLISHMENT.

"Early to bed and early to rise," was the time-honored maxim in the establishment of the Misses Bunnycastle, Rhododendron House, Rhododendron private road, Stockwell. Time-honored indeed, and with justice it might be called, for it had been acted upon for at least twenty years, during which lengthened period the Bunnycastle family had kept a ladies' school in Rhododendron Road, as aforesaid. Stay; I have fallen into a slight error. When Mrs. Bunnycastle first undertook, in the second decade of the nineteenth century, those scholastic duties at Stockwell which her daughters subsequently and so efficiently performed, Rhododendron private road existed only in the form of a narrow path between two market gardens, and went, I fear, by the painfully unacademic name of Cut-throat Lane. But when culture came to Clapham, and civilization to Stockwell, the by-path became a "private road," neatly graveled, and bordered by trim villas. The old market gardener's habitation indeed remained, but was rechristened Rhododendron House. Formerly it had been known as Bubb's Folly. Bubb was the last market gardener, and inherited the house, a rambling one-storied structure of red brick, from his grandfather. Long and careful attention to horticulture brought him riches, and in his old age it was bruited about that he had become somewhat mad, not so as to require any restraint, or being in any way incapable of managing his own affairs (for he was to the day of his death as avaricious an old screw, and as keen a hand at a bargain, as could be found between Bermondsey and Brixton). His madness did not go further than that harmless eccentricity to which physiologists may have observed that enriched tailors, hatters, and market gardeners are frequently subject. In pursuance of this craze Bubb turned all his nephews and nieces out of doors, contracted a morganatic alliance with a bold face housekeeper, with an abusive tongue and an uncontrollable taste for silk dresses and ardent spirits, and—he who had sat for so many years under the reverend Mr. Bradbody of Stockwell, and had even been a deacon to that shining congregational light—plunged headlong into secularism, attended infidel lectures, and ceased to believe in any thing. He took to drinking also; and it is strange to find how often a contempt for revealed religion is combined with a fondness for cold rum-and-water. In a word, Mr. Bubb was in his latter days that by no means uncommon character, a "wicked old man;" and the good pietists of Stockwell, albeit they wrestled manfully with him, could neither convert nor extract subscriptions from him. Rumors ran in the neighborhood to the effect that he kept his coffin under his bed, and that he had sold himself to the Powers of Evil; but mere report should have little weight in presence of the facts that he was a quarrelsome old curmudgeon, who swore, drank hard, and didn't wash. As a climax to his strange proceedings he added a tower or Belvedere to his grandfather's old brick house. At the summit of this edifice, which resembled externally a Chinese pagoda brick faced, and with a dash of the truncated factory chimney about it, he built a smoking-room where he drank and took tobacco, and read unbelieving books till his time came, and he died. 'Twas the pagoda-chimney Belvedere that caused the house to be called Bubb's Folly; and long after his decease ancient people persisted in applying the old title to Rhododendron House.

If the Belvedere, however, was Bubb's Folly, the surrounding ground which he directed in his will to be carefully let out in building lots might, with equal propriety, have been designated Bubb's Common Sense. The morganatic housekeeper, to the rage and despair of the nephews and nieces, came into all the property, and even the High Court of Chancery could not pick a hole in the crazy old market gardener's testament. The enriched housekeeper removed to grander quarters at Clapham, and (doubtless to make amends for the latitudinarianism of her morganatic life) became a pattern of zeal, and sat under a congregational luminary even more shining than the Reverend Mr. Bradbody. The old brick Folly passed through many vicissitudes of alternate desolation and unprofitable tenancy, while houses in the most modern style of domestic architecture sprang up on either side. Bubb, however, had willed that his Folly was not to be demolished, and being advertised, at last, as "eligible school premises," with "an observatory admirably suited for scientific purposes," it was taken about the year eighteen hundred and sixteen by Mrs. Bunnycastle, and turned into an establishment for young ladies.

Mrs. Bunnycastle's husband was a gentleman who had taught writing, arithmetic, and the use of the globes in suburban seminaries for many years. He also gave instructions in the Belles Lettres; that is to say, he would recite, with the sonorous emphasis of the late John Kemble, any number of pages from the "Elegant Extracts," and "Enfield's Speaker." To this declamation young ladies of a literary turn (it was a blue-stocking age) listened with intense admiration. Mrs. Bunnycastle had been, in her youth, a nursery governess in a great family—as nursery governesses were then understood. She washed, and dressed, and physicked, and romped with, and, on occasion, castigated her young charges; she mended their clothes, dined in the housekeeper's room, called the butler "Sir," was very kindly treated by her noble employers, and was perfectly happy. In a word, she knew her place. In these times nursery governesses make themselves miserable because they are not put on a par with duchesses. They *don't* know their place. So, at least, their noble employers bitterly complain. Mrs. Bunnycastle (née Lappin) was of a soft and sentimental disposition. She was a great educational theorist, and had so filled her head with dogmas of tuition out of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Madame Leprince de Beaumont, and Mesdames Chapone, Trimmer, and Hannah More—to say nothing of Dr. Edgeworth, and the Reverends Messrs. Gisborne and Chirol, and Dr. Fordyce's "Discourse on the Character and Conduct of the Female Sex," that her educational system ended in her permitting her pupils to do pretty well as they liked. She was much beloved by them in consequence. Her favorite work after "Emile" was "Adelaide and Theodore; or, Letters upon Education"—that dreary, simpering old farrago of well-meaning inanities, in which the baroness writes to Madame d'Ostalis to tell her how Seraphine has bitten her little brother; but how she has succeeded in "producing perfection" in her daughter Adelaide, who is "fourteen years old, an excellent musician, drawing with amazing proficiency, speaking and singing Italian like a native, and absolutely cured of all little female deficiencies." Happy Adelaide, and thrice happy baroness!

The worthy Bunnycastle, who taught Belles Lettres, died a year before Rhododendron House was taken. His widow was faithful to his memory, and brought up her three daughters Adelaide (so christened after the baroness's paragon), Celia, and Barbara up in love and reverence of their inoffensive papa's portrait with its shirt frill, and its hair powder (the latter beautifully painted), and with the silver standish "presented to him by the young ladies of Ostrolenko Lodge, Camberwell, in slight testimony of his unwearied exertions in teaching them plain and ornamental writing, arithmetic (on Mr. Walkingame's principle), the use of the globes, and other polite accomplishments (to say nothing of the belles lettres), for so many years." Dulcet old Mr. Bunnycastle, mildest of powder-headed and shirt-frilled writing-masters: although he could at requirement rap the knuckles of refractory pupils, and incorrigible blot-makers, he had nothing in common with the vapid, pretentious humbugs—graduates of I know not what tinpot university in Germany, or in the moon—whom you meet with now, spouting, and pretending to teach that which they know nothing about, at "Ladies' Colleges;" places so-called of education, where the amount of instruction imparted is in inverse proportion to the amount of money paid. In the old times girls used to learn something at boarding-school—did it go no further than sliding, skipping, hunt the slipper, and making toffee in a bedroom candlestick. Nowadays, what with gymnastics, and calisthenics, and all sorts of thics and ologies, and Professor Windbag with his air-pump, and Il Maestro di Canto Granbirbone (a hulking bearded vagabond who has been in jail at Turin per un affare di scrittura), they seem (to me at least) to learn nothing at all but to give themselves airs, and to be impertinent to their parents. On the other hand, as their intellectual capabilities have narrowed their crinolines have grown wider.

In the year 1836 the three Miss Bunnycastles were all old maids. There was no use in disguising the matter, for it was palpable. With Adelaide and with Celia the case was hopeless. They were both past thirty, and had made up their minds to celibacy. About Barbara only, who was barely twenty-five, could some faint and feeble matrimonial hopes be entertained. When such hopes were hinted in her presence by the charitable minded among her own sex—the married ladies, bien entendu, Barbara shrugged her pretty shoulders—she *was* pretty—and sometimes smiled, and sometimes sighed. Meanwhile she went on watching the piano-forte practice, and small toothcombing (after sundry soap-and-towel preliminaries) the little ones on Saturday nights. That was her department in the economy of Rhododendron House. She did not murmur. She was perfectly resigned; only, if any eligible young man had suddenly appeared before her, say from the Planet Mars, or the bowels of the earth, and said, "It is true that I am a returned convict, a professed forger and coiner, and a monster in human form—that I have a blighted heart and a seared conscience—that I murdered my great-aunt, and sold my country, and picked a gentleman's pocket of a yellow bandana at Camberwell fair; but still my intentions are strictly honorable. I have a marriage license in my right-hand trowsers-pocket, and a ring and a pair of white kid gloves in my left. There is a glass-coach at the door, the pew-opener will officiate as bridemaid, and the beadle will be my best man. Come, my beloved, and I will lead you to the hymeneal altar;" if such an eligible bachelor had stood before her, I am inclined to think that Barbara Bunnycastle would incontinently have cast her arms about that eligible bachelor's neck, and cried out, "Take me, interesting stranger," with fully as much affectionate fervor as was wont to be manifested by Mrs. Fanny Kemble in the "Hunchback," when she cried, "Take me, Clifford."

In 1836 Mrs. Bunnycastle was a very old, smiling lady, with glossy-white ringlets. Her countenance was wrinkled, but it was still rosy. She was still soft and sentimental, and much addicted to the perusal of novels, standing, as regards these characteristics, in strong contradistinction to her eldest daughter, Adelaide, who was an exceedingly practical spinster, and was the inflexible disciplinarian of the establishment.

I have said that "early to bed and early to rise" was the golden rule abided by at Rhododendron House. The younger pupils retired to rest at half past seven. Those of medium age, that is, under twelve, went to roost at eight. By nine the elder girls reached their dormitories. At ten the governesses and parlor-boarders bid Mrs. Bunnycastle good-night. At half past ten the three daughters of that estimable and venerable person kissed each her parent on the forehead, and by eleven o'clock every light in Rhododendron House was extinguished. All the girls and their teachers were up by six o'clock in the morning; the three sisters only indulged in half an hour's extra somnolence, and, punctually at eight o'clock, Mrs. Bunnycastle, in her unvarying cap with the yellow satin bows, and her white ringlets arranged in faultless symmetry, made her appearance at the common breakfast-table.

All their meals, with one exception, pupils and preceptresses took together. Breakfast, dinner, and tea, were served in the great bow-windowed dining-room giving on to the lawn; but supper was a special and exclusive meal, which none of the children partook of at all, which the parlor-boarders and teachers consumed in a kind of still-room adjoining the pantry, but which Mrs. Bunnycastle and her daughters chose to enjoy in their own little parlor. The meal was served (tea having been got through at five) at nine P.M. The mother and daughters loved to linger over their meal, and although they ate and drank but little, it was often prolonged to close upon the time for retiring to rest. It was the only season throughout the weary monotonous day that they were alone, and at their ease. They were free from the restraint of keeping on their countenance that expression of simulated gravity, not to say severity, which all those whose vocation it is to educate youth, whether male or female, think it their bounden duty to assume while occupying the rostrum of pedagogic authority. This is why schoolmasters and schoolmistresses get so prematurely worn, wrinkled, and shrunken. They are always acting a part. Their facial muscles are always in a state of unnatural tension. They are perpetually grimacing. They are always à la something or another—now the Plagosus Oribilius, now Jupiter Tonans, now Minerva, but seldom, very seldom, au naturel. Good Archbishop Fénelon knew well enough what comedians instructors were forced to be when he made Minerva disguise herself as Mentor. Minerva, in her goddess form, was all majestic yet winning beauty; but as Mentor she wore spectacles and carried a birch-rod. It was necessary to keep that tear-coat young Telemachus in order.

Supper-time, then, was an hour of unmingled delectation for the Bunnycastle family. Then they were free from the heated and half-stifling atmosphere of the school-rooms: for ventilation, as an adjunct to education, had not been thought of in 1836. Then they were quit of the brawling, exasperating swarm of youngsters, the scarcely less tiresome elder girls, and the exigent and affected parlor-boarders, who, because their parents paid fifty guineas per annum for their maintenance at Rhododendron House, deemed it a prime article in their creed to hold, in secret, if not openly, Mrs. and the Miss Bunnycastles as the dust beneath their feet. For good sound money-and-ignorance begotten, infatuated, incorrigible, devilish pride, commend me to the middle classes of this sectarian country. There are a great many sectarians, and a great many proud people about Clapham. At supper-time, however, the schoolmistress and her daughters were relieved from the presence of these superb ones of the earth in short skirts and frilled trowsers. They were rid, too, of the teachers, amiable and worthy young persons all of them, no doubt, but infinitely wearisome on daily and unremitting acquaintance. Grown-up women in a boarding-school—those, I mean, having no ties of kindred, genuine friendship, or mutual sympathy—soon come to hate one another as bitterly as nuns in a convent do. It results, at last, in the old outcry of the ruined gamester: "Confound you, you are always tying your shoe." The gentleman who had been unfortunate at chicken hazard kicked the shoe-tyer. Sister Theresa seems to be always tying *her* sandal, and Sister Francis Joseph would like to shake her (in a saintly manner) for it. The Bunnycastles longed for supper-time, yearned for it, sighed for it, panted for it, almost prayed for it. They could chat without let or hindrance. They could run over the occurrences of the day. They could criticise the shortcomings of the professors and governesses, and canvass the misdemeanors of their scholars. They could dwell, now with satisfaction, now with discontent, upon how much their young charges paid, and how much they ate. They could concoct letters of thanks to complimentary parents, or of deprecation to remonstrant ones. They could revolve plans of scholastic aggrandisement, discuss points of discipline, compare methods of instruction, grumble at their lot in that luxuriousness of complaint which is well-nigh akin to content, and gossip about their neighbors. Supper in the little back parlor at Rhododendron House combined the gravity of a cabinet council with the hilarity of a symposium.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

No Doubt.—The following is said to be an unfailing recipe to kill fleas on dogs: Soak the dog for five minutes in camphene, and then set him on fire. The effect is instantaneous.

Definition of a Naval Engagement—A Water Mill.

How do you define "Black as your hat?"—Darkness that may be "felt."

Two gentlemen angling lately, could not agree upon the appearance of the horse-fly, and they agreed to refer the question to a rustic whom they saw plowing near them, and accosted him thus: "Did you ever see a horse-fly?" "Why," said Hodge, scratching his upper story, "noa, drat it, I never seed a horse fly, but I once seed a cow fall over a precipice!"

Practical Gardener is fitting up a new house, and wants to know what pictures he could put in his drawing-room suitable to his everyday work? We'll tell him; "*The Rake's Progress.*"

"What business does your husband follow?" asked a person who was engaged in noting the occupations of our citizens, lately, of a female. "Why, Sir," she replied, "he follows drinking rum." The canvasser at once entered opposite his name *gentleman.*

ARTICLES FOUND IN A SERVANT'S DRAWER.

Two aprons, a stocking, a brush, and a comb,
A piece of white string, and a dry marrow bone,
A duster, two walnuts, a reel of black cotton,
An old silver spoon that had long been forgotten,
A bodkin, a fruit knife, a glass rolling-pin,
A bottle containing a wee drop of gin,
A lot of curl-papers, an old pair of stays,
A tract telling sinners to mend their bad ways,
A paper of tea put there on the sly,
Her mistress's bustle (I can not tell why),
A thimble, some needles, an old book of songs,
Three clothes-pegs, a slipper, to the housemaid belongs.
The claw of a lobster but recently boiled,
A new cambric handkerchief, never been soiled,
A letter from a lover away in strange lands,
A pot of goose-grease for chaps on the hands;
Some buttons, a pencil, a bit of bath brick,
A small looking-glass, and a broken tooth-pick,
A bundle of rags, and a fortune-telling book,
Were the things that we found in the drawer of the cook.

"Boys," said a village pedagogue, the other day, "what is the meaning of all that noise in the school?"

"It's Bill Sykes, Sir, who is all the time imitating a locomotive."

"Come up here, William; if you are turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

A native of the green isle of Erin called at a chemist's shop the other day with a prescription, the putting up of which he watched with great curiosity. "What's that, ony way?" asked the customer. "This," said the obliging apothecary, "is tincture cemicitaga racemosa and liniment of saponis, cantharides, and opii." A look of bewilderment changed to one of grave concern as the Irishman inquired, "And what is the price?" "Sixpence," was the reply. "By jabers," said Pat, "I thought two such names as that would cost me at laste five shillings."

An incurable old bachelor, one who seemingly rejoices in his infirmity, describes marriage as female despotism tempered by puddings.

THE SHAVERS.

The barber shaves with polished blade,
The mercer shaves when ladies trade,
The broker shaves at twelve per cent.,
The landlord shaves by raising rent,
The doctor shaves in draughts and pills,
The tapster shaves in pints and gills,
The farmer shaves in hay and oats,
The banker shaves in his own notes,
The lawyer shaves both friends and foes,
The peddler shaves where'er he goes,
The wily merchant shaves his brother,
The people all shave one another.

At a road-side inn in Bedfordshire is the representation of a gate, underneath which are the following lines:

"This gate hangs well and hinders none:
Refresh and pay—and travel on."

Sergeant Davy was once accused of having disgraced the bar by taking silver from a client. "I took silver," he replied, "because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the poor fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

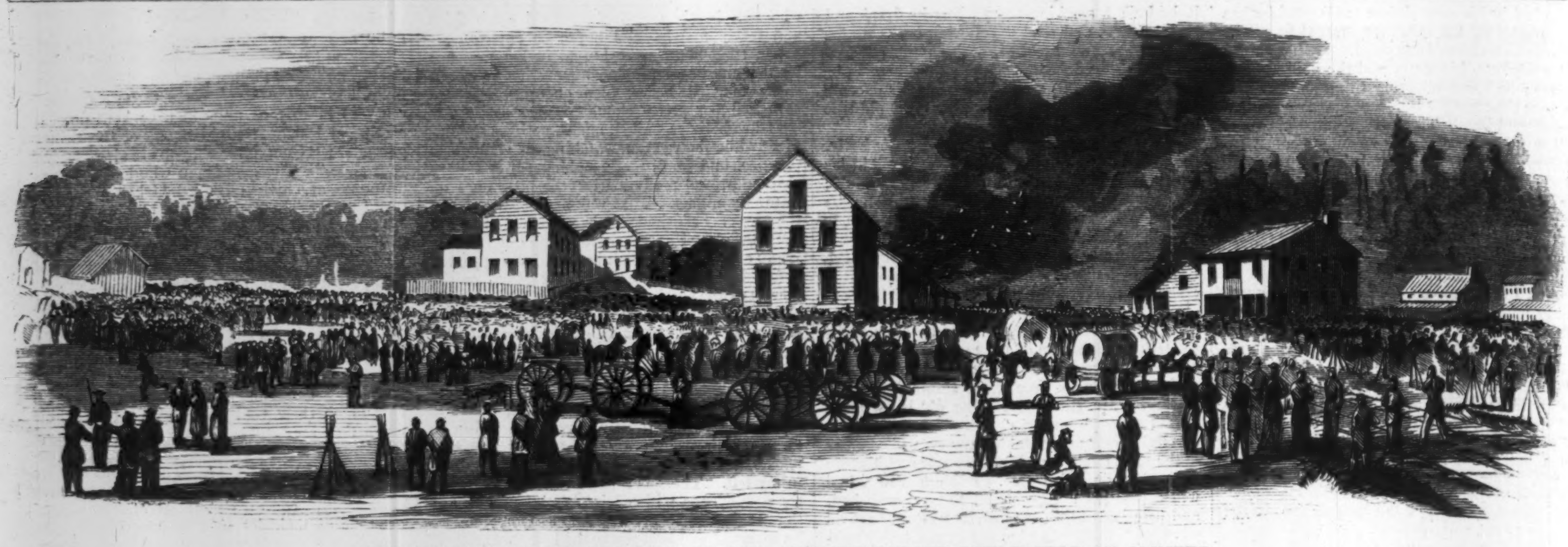
A Spanish proverb says: "A little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little; but a little at night is too much." The Indian philosopher, equally profound, held that "too much rum is just enough."

Many persons write because they have nothing to do, not duly considering that they have also nothing to say.

Prejudices are like rats; and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

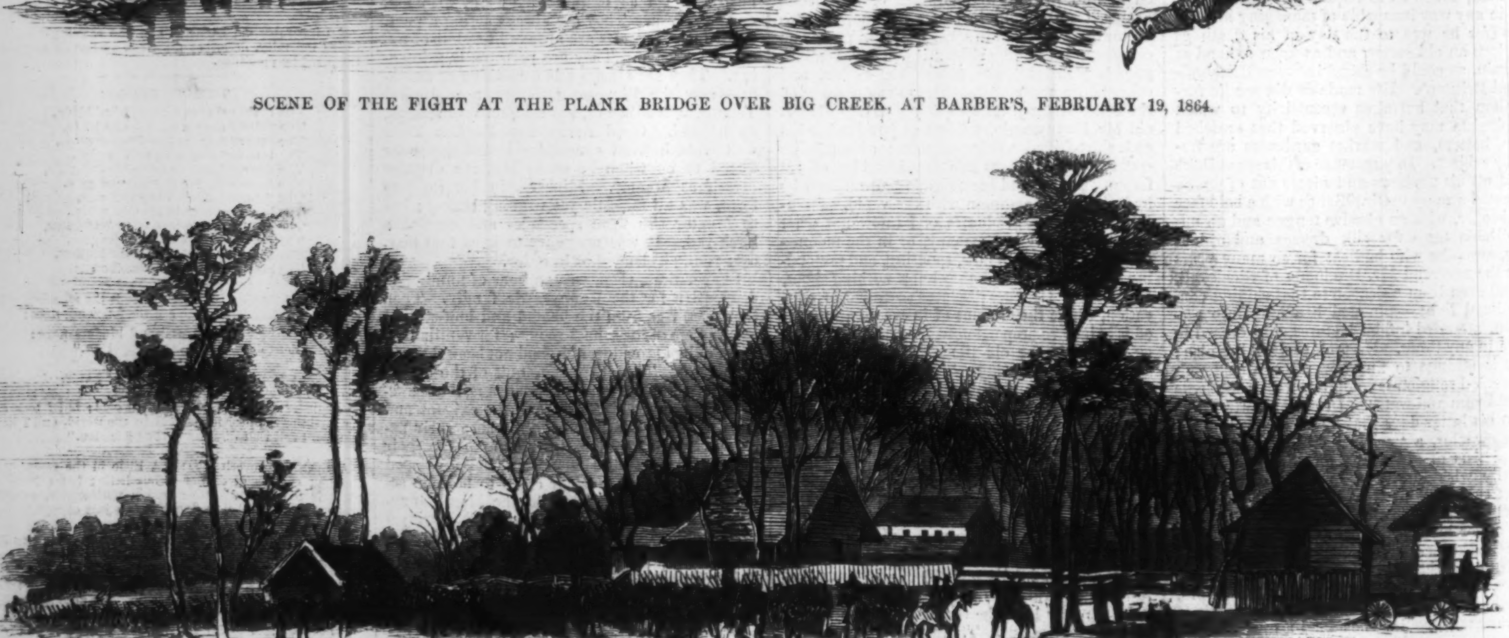
An author had better ask himself why he is going to write a book than be asked afterward why he has written it.

It is very certain that a man will not walk straight if he follow his mind's bent.



SANDERSON, FLORIDA, OCCUPIED BY OUR ADVANCE BEFORE THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.

SCENE OF THE FIGHT AT THE PLANK BRIDGE OVER BIG CREEK, AT BARBER'S, FEBRUARY 19, 1864.



BARBER'S HOUSE AT THE FORD ON BIG CREEK, COLONEL BARTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

THE WAR IN FLORIDA.

We publish on the preceding page three sketches illustrating the late movements of General Seymour's forces previous to the great battle on the 20th of February. The town of Sanderson was occupied by our advanced force. The main infantry force was in the vicinity of Barber's House. The artist who sends us these sends also a third sketch, giving the scene of the conflict on the 11th, at the bridge over Big Creek, near St. Mary's River. This bridge was carried by Colonel Henry, assisted by Major Stevens, with a loss of one man killed, three mortally and twelve severely wounded.

ESCAPING UNION OFFICERS SUCCORED BY SLAVES.

The sketch on page 164 represents a party of the Union officers who lately escaped from Libey prison, under the guidance and protection of negroes living in the environs of Richmond. They are conducted by one of these poor slaves to his cabin for temporary safety and provision against cold and hunger. The attitude of the negroes assembled in the cabin, the apprehension shown on the faces of the prisoners who in every sound hear the tramp of Confederate cavalry, and the anxious but determined look of their guide tell the story better than could any verbal description. We are tempted, however, to say one word in favor of these poor negroes. Both in the South and the North they are helping us—helping our soldiers that escape from rebel prisons, and going from our midst to help them fight our battles for us. Hunted to death by the mobs in our cities, they retaliate by joining our armies, and they do their duty on the battle-field. In the late reverse at Olustee the First North Carolina and the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts—both negro regiments—stood their ground with unflinching bravery and perfect coolness. "The Fifty-fourth," says the *Herald's* correspondent, "sustained the reputation they had gained at Wagner, and bore themselves like soldiers throughout the battle."

GENERAL TRUMAN SEYMOUR.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

We give on page 161 a portrait of General Sherman, whose late advance from Vicksburg toward Montgomery has been one of the best executed and most important movements of the war.

William T. Sherman was born in Ohio in 1818. He graduated at West Point in 1840, in the same class with General Thomas, and was promoted to the First Lieutenancy in 1841. He served in California during the Mexican War, and was breveted Captain for meritorious conduct. At the commencement of hostilities with the South he offered his services to the Government, and was appointed Colonel of the Thirteenth infantry, which regiment he commanded in Bull Run. Afterward appointed a Brigadier-General, he succeeded General Anderson in command of the Department of the Ohio. He was removed because he said that 200,000 men would be needed to fight the rebels successfully in Kentucky. This statement—afterward found to be true—was at that time suggestive of insanity. At the battle of Shiloh he took so prominent a part that Halleck reported to the War Department that the final success of that battle was mainly due to him. Having been promoted to a Major-Generalship he was placed in command of the Fifth Division of General Grant's army, and took an important part in the siege of Vicksburg. The movement in which he is now engaged, taken in connection with the approach of Farragut's fleet, was at first supposed to be directed against Mobile; but this was probably no more than a feint to cover a more important aim in connection with movements from Chattanooga. Selma, where Sherman was stationed at last accounts, is on the Alabama River midway between Mobile and Dalton.

GENERAL SEYMOUR.

We give on this page a portrait of General Truman Seymour, commanding the Florida expedition. He is a native of Vermont, and was appointed to the First Artillery from that State, July 1, 1846. He served through the Mexican War, and was made Captain by brevet. He was one of the officers of the garrison under Major Anderson's command at Fort Sumter, and has been engaged from that time in the work of suppressing the rebellion. His expedition to Florida was a perfect success up to the time of the occupation of Lake City. But the movement was of so much importance that the enemy concentrated a large force of 15,000 men at Olustee, on the Jacksonville and Tallahassee Railroad, and upon the advance of our forces against that point, with a greatly inferior force, General Seymour was compelled to retire with considerable loss.

WRECK OF THE "BOHEMIAN."

In our news column last week we gave an account of the wreck of the steamer *Bohemian* off Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, Maine. We give below, this week, a sketch representing the wreck as it appeared on Tuesday morning—the next after the vessel sunk. The steamer lies about a quarter of a mile from shore, in Staple's Cove, where she sunk in four fathoms of water, on a sandy, pebbly bottom, with her bow off shore and two anchors out. The greater portion of the hurricane-deck and officers' quarters have broken up, but the main-deck and hull remain firm. As the baggage was stowed on the upper-deck and under the bridge, it was all washed overboard, and will undoubtedly be a total loss. The sea has swept every thing clear from that quarter.

Captain Borland, we learn, reports that he was entirely misled by the hazy state of the atmosphere, and supposed that he was some four miles further off than he proved to be. He also says that he was steaming but one and a half knots per hour at the time, as he was anxiously looking for a pilot, and had been throwing rockets and burning blue-lights for half an hour.

None of the officers were lost, but the loss of passengers is now reported at twenty-six, besides five of the crew, thirteen more than was at first supposed. Fifty-four mail-bags have been recovered, leaving but one to be accounted for.

A WISH.

Dreary are the nights in winter,
When the north winds blow,
Shouting, shaking at the casement,
With a mighty woe—

Panting, sobbing through the darkness
Like a child that grieves;
Moaning at the doorway—creeping
Low, about the eaves.

But to-night the snow is lying
In a still moonlight—
O my Love—whom Death has hidden,
Visit me to-night!

Can you hear me through the raptures
Of the shining fields?
Where the waste of rose and lily,
Breath of Eden yields;

Where you walk with troops of spirits
Purged from earthly tears—
Can you hear? For one short vision
I would linger years.

Come, my Love! the snow is shining;
You may walk in white,
As upon the floor of heaven,
If you come to-night—

Not a print of mortal treading—
It is chastely meet—
You may walk, nor fear the soiling
Of your gentle feet.

Come! the dawn will shine upon it,
The great face of day—
Like a dream—in tears and silence,
It will melt away.

WRECK OF THE "BOHEMIAN" AS SEEN THE MORNING AFTER SHE SUNK.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Morton's Gold Pens are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Tightness of the Chest.

We sneeze, a slight, thin, sharp, ichorous matter comes from our nose; we have heaviness of the head, great oppression of the chest, some tightness and a little tenderness in the region of the lungs. Now attention must be given to this state of facts, or inflammation of the lungs or congestion may take place, and death be with us before we are aware.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

say two, four or six, according to age, sex and constitution, must be taken. They must purge very freely; drink warm drinks while the fever lasts, and as a diet eat plenty of good Indian meal gruel, or chicken broth with plenty of rice in it. By this treatment on the second or third day the disease will be cured. This complaint is going the rounds, and will be followed by dysentery and diarrhœa—but they will be cured by the same process. The wise will have BRANDRETH'S PILLS where they can be easily laid hold on, and by taking them by the directions safety and health will follow.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

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Accordeons from $3 00 to $25. Flutes from 75 cents to $100. Fifes from 50 cents to $25 00. Banjos from $2 00 to $20 00. Drums from $5 00 to $12 00. Prize Drums $15 to $20. On receipt of the money will forward any instrument by Express. WM. A. POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway, N.Y.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.

Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use." Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. *Single Cases* sent by mail, free to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of *price* and 25 cents. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of *superior quality* and *flavor*, put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade. All Orders* promptly filled.

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WANTED CANVASSERS, NEWS AGENTS, SUTLERS, and DEALERS generally, everywhere, to sell STEPHENS' COLORED ALBUM CARDS, splendidly lithographed in Oil Colors from original designs; three parts, twelve cards each. PART ONE: OUR RELATIONS at HOME and ABROAD. PART TWO: THE ADVENTURES of a CONSCRIPT (both capitally Comic). PART THREE: THE SLAVE in 1863 (a thrilling Series of the Great Evil). Price, Fifty Cents each, post-paid. Dealers sending One Dollar supplied with the three parts, *as samples*, post-paid. Trade terms liberal.

WM. A. STEPHENS, Publisher, No. 400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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Use the Electro-Metallic Insoles, Belts, and Armlets. They are an infallible Remedy for Rheumatism, Cold Feet, &c. Mettam & Co., No. 429 Broadway, N. Y. Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

Enameled Chamber
FURNITURE.

The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, walnut and chestnut, plain and ornamental, in suits, wholesale and retail. Also Mattresses and Paillasses. WARREN WARD, 277 Canal St., N. Y.

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THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

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The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
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The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

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Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

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Louis Leon's first contribution to the columns of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, which will appear on Thursday, March 17, is indisputably the finest of all his productions. He himself in a letter to us says:—"It is infinitely superior to anything which I have ever written." This splendid romance is entitled

THE SILVER SHIP;
OR,
The Bloodhound of the Carribbean.
A SPANISH-AMERICAN STORY.

The tale is historical, and the main incidents are true. The principal characters are Callocarras, the famous pirate, commonly called by the Spanish-Americans of his times, before the proper name was known, *El Sabueso del Mar Caribe*, or the Bloodhound of the Carribbean—a title that arose from his *terribly mysterious* way of learning about the movements of treasure-ships, and tracking them, a secret which is clearly explained for the first time in these pages. Ruy Leol, the hammock-maker of Iola Grande, who also lives and moves in a singular mystery. Count Regla, of Mexico, the proprietor of the great silver mine of Regle. Padre Lasso, the priest of Iola Grande. Captain Romero, the commander of the galleon *Encantadora*, the Silver Ship. Senor Nerle, a person of wealth and luxurious tastes, who lives retired at a beautiful villa on Iola Grande, and to whom an extraordinary mystery attaches. Yola, a young girl of marvellous graces and loveliness, under charge of Padre Lasso, and reputed among the inhabitants of Iola Grande to be his niece—a glorious type of the Spanish-American woman, a being of sunshine and flowers, over whose life, at the moment of her introduction, rests a painful mystery, in which is threatened an appalling doom! Iölet Leol, the foster-sister of Don Ruy. The Countess of Regla.

It is useless to attempt to describe the sensations which take possession of one while perusing this truly great story. Language is too weak to give a true idea of its thrilling effect. The reader becomes so absorbed as to lose himself, and the effect is rather that produced by a thrilling melo-drama upon the beholder than that wrought by the simple perusal of a story, so acutely does the reader sympathize with the characters introduced—so entirely is he carried away by them as to imagine himself a veritable actor in the scene.

The work is dedicated to President Juarez in these terms: "To the Senor Don Benito Juarez, President of the Republic of Mexico, I dedicate this work, with a serene abidance of the rising of the entire world against the infamous pretensions of tyrants." The tale is a Spanish-American story, in a sense heretofore unknown to the Anglo-American public. It is the first *real* and *faithful* picture of Spanish-American Dons, Donnas, officials, pirates, etc., ever published in the form of a story. It is perhaps necessary to say, in advance, that although Pedro Lasso—one of the characters represented—is a villain who "has stolen the garb of Heaven to serve the devil in"—the moral of the story is such that no reader, whatever his creed, can take exception to it.

We confidently look for an immense increase in circulation on this story, and news dealers would do well to send in their orders in time.

Besides the above great story, this favorite family journal will contain weekly two other continued stories of great merit, as well as from EIGHT to TWELVE first-class sketches of different varieties, a large number of fine POEMS, and a variety of departments of a useful and entertaining character, including "Pleasant Paragraphs," "Mirthful Morsels," "Knowledge Box," "Items of Interest," etc., etc., the whole going to form a family newspaper which, as is freely admitted by all who take it, has not its equal either in this country or the old. Price, five cents for a single copy, $2 00 per year, and liberal terms offered to getters-up of clubs.

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CHURCH VIEWS.—Card Photographs of 150 Principal Churches of New York and Brooklyn; also 75 Splendid Views of Central Park. Price 25c. each, 5 for $1, or $2 per doz. Views. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Send stamps for catalogues. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

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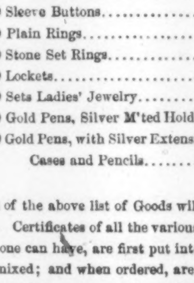

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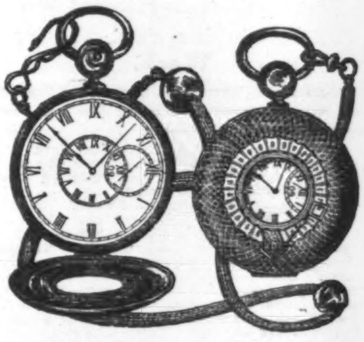
One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y

NEW ARMY WATCHES.



Magic Railway Time-Keeper.

Gold or Silver composite Hunting cases, with Patent Time Indicator, just invented for the Army. Very handsome, and of sterling quality. Sent free by mail for $15. If remitted in advance, a stylish Chain, valued at $5, will be sent gratis.

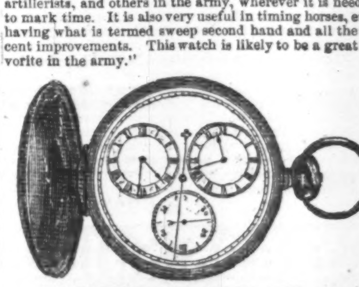
From numerous notices of the press we select the following which appeared in the editorial columns of the *Scottish American Journal* of New York, February 6th, 1864:

"It is not often that we go out of our way to notice any of the numerous trade advertisements which appear in our columns, but we feel constrained to call attention to the new system of business adopted by the enterprising and respectable firm of ARRANDALE & Co. of this city, and which, we think, might be adopted with advantage by other houses. The new system we speak of consists in sending Watches and other Jewelry to any Express Office in the United States and Canada, there to be inspected by the buyer before being paid for. This is equitable and fair between buyer and seller; and as it removes the one great difficulty experienced by country buyers in ordering goods from city houses previously unknown to them, we can not doubt it will be extensively appreciated.

"We have lately inspected, among other novelties produced by this spirited firm, two watches which seem to us a great improvement on ordinary watches, and especially adapted for the use of soldiers. The one, an elegant silver Composite Watch, which we believe is warranted not to change its color, fitted with an ingenious arrangement, termed a Time Indicator, consisting of a circular opening in the upper case, combined with a second and small dial. By this contrivance the crystal is fully protected from injury, whilst the time can be readily ascertained without the trouble of opening the case. Every one knows how many positions occur where a soldier finds the opening of his watch case an inconvenient operation, and hence the the great value of this watch in the army.

"The other novelty to which we refer seems to combine all the advantages usually sought for in a watch. It is a handsome Duplex Watch, containing two distinct times, Washington and London, with patent adjusted stop.

"This watch will be, we should think, of great value to artillerists, and others in the army, wherever it is needful to mark time. It is also very useful in timing horses, etc., having what is termed sweep second hand and all the recent improvements. This watch is likely to be a great favorite in the army."



Double-Time Duplex Stop-Watch,
With Washington and London time,
FOR ARTILLERISTS,

Sportsmen, and all desiring a beautiful and accurate Timepiece. This watch has the Silver Hunting Cases, beautifully engraved Works in 15 jeweled actions. Gold balance. Sweep Seconds Hand. Patent adjusted Stop; and is in all respects a first-class watch.

EVERY OFFICER SHOULD HAVE IT.

Sent free by mail for $45 00. If remitted in advance, a handsome and fashionable chain, valued at $7 00, will be put in gratis.

All Watches are sent out in good working order, properly regulated, mailed free to any address, and warranted for twelve months.

AGENTS WANTED in every County and every Regiment, on very liberal terms. Money in registered letters may be sent at our risk, if properly sealed.

☞ Watches sent for inspection, before payment.

ARRANDALE & CO., 212 Broadway, 3 doors from Barnum's Museum, New York.

NEW ARMY WATCHES.

$15 THE GREAT NEW ARMY WATCH, expressly for SOLDIERS, in very heavy solid silver hunting cases, fine ENGLISH Movement, full ruby jeweled, handsome white dial and steel cut hands. Engine turned, engraved, or plain cases, warranted a perfect time-keeper for one year, $15. $15

$15 GOLD COMPOSITE, same as above, exact imitation of the English Army Watch, $15. $15

$25 FINE DOUBLE BOTTOM silver English HUNTING WATCH, FULL JEWELED, CHRONOMETER BALANCE, $25. $25

$35 OFFICER'S WATCH. GENUINE AMERICAN LEVER WATCH in 4 oz. sterling silver cases, FULL JEWELED, gold joints, and double bottom cases, $35 $35

$45 AMERICAN LEVER, same as above with *Chronometer Balance*, 45. $45

$11 *Silver Hunting Watch, fine movement*, $11. $11

$16 Ladies very small hunting Gold Composite Watch, beautifully engraved, magic spring, sunk seconds. Can scarcely be detected from gold, $16. $16

$85 SPLENDID **18** CARAT HEAVY GOLD AMERICAN WATCH, in 40 *pennyweight cases*, $85. $85

$92 SAME AS ABOVE, WITH CHRONOMETER BALANCE, $92. $92

$38 GOLD HUNTING ENGLISH LEVER WATCH, RUBY JEWELED, *Screw Balance* M. J. TOBIAS, $38. $38

Constantly on hand Watches of every description.

We will send any of the above Watches, on receipt of price, free of expense, to any address. Registered letters come at our risk if properly sealed. All Watches registered 20 cts. extra. GREAT INDUCEMENTS to AGENTS. SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR.

Parties ordering will give their address plain. All orders promptly and carefully filled.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., IMPORTERS, 208 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Caution

FROM

The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name "AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name "APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name "P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name "WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

SOLDIERS OF THE UNION!!!

Read the following Letters received from your comrades as indorsements of the

WORLD-KNOWN AND WORLD-TRIED REMEDIES
KNOWN AS

Professor Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

You will here find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of occupation is in force.

See to your Health!

All of you have some one interested in your welfare, then do not delay.

Your Life is Valuable!!

Not only to yourselves, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives, and Brothers. Then while you may, purchase your Health!

For 30 cents, 70 cents, or $1 10,

Will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the greenest and ripest old age.

The following are genuine letters, on file for inspection at this office,

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT,
39th Illinois Volunteers,
FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., November 26, 1863.

Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

SIR: Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address

Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
39th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA.,
January 7, 1864.

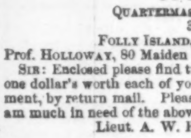
Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in need of them until now, I want to try them, as Diarrhœa is very prevalent at the present time: send me the worth of the enclosed.

Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH,
Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

Deafness Overcome BY USING HASLAM'S SOUND MAGNIFYING TUBES. They can be concealed. Send for a descriptive pamphlet to
E. HASLAM, 32 John Street, New York.

The "Star" No Chimney Burner.



For Kerosece OIL LAMPS and LANTERNS, gives a brilliant light free from smoke or smell, and needs no chimney. We are now prepared to supply the increasing demand for this superior Burner, which everywhere gives satisfaction. Sample sent, post-paid for 35 cts. Agents wanted.
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False Whiskers and Moustaches, $2 50 a pair; Whiskers, $2 a pair; Moustaches, 50 cents and $1 a pair. Sent free by mail. Address C. W. Philo, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Soldiers and Everybody! A great Book for you! Over 2000 things worth knowing! Mailed free for **25** *cents*. Address "Union Book Association," Box 362, Syracuse, N. Y.

Agents, order our UNEQUALED STRATIONERY PACKAGES.

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Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
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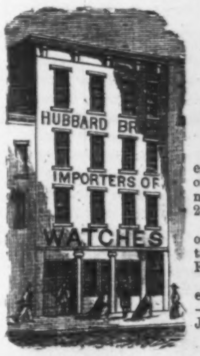

WATCHES

FOR

THE ARMY.

Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their cheapness.—*N. Y. Weekly*, July 23d.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

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The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial*, and *fancy cut hands*, in *good running order*, by the half dozen, $72; postage, $2 38; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

☞ TERMS CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

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Annexed is a fac-simile design of our newest style Cavalry Badge. Sent free to any address on receipt of price, with Name, Co., and Regiment handsomely engraved thereon.

Solid Silver........$3 00
Solid Silver, letters in gold relief..... 3 50
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Also new style Artillery Badge, and every style Co. Pin and Corps Badge worn by the Army. Send for our illustrated Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

New Catalogue of Jewelry

Sent free. Address
THOS. CAFFERTY & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

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